THE
PROTESTANTS *Vade Mecum:*
OR,
POPERY
Diſplay'd in its proper Colours,
In Thirty EMBLEMS,
Lively repreſenting all the
JESUITICAL PLOTS
Againſt this NATION,
AND
More fully this late helliſh Deſigne
Againſt his Sacred MAJESTY.
Curiouſly engraven in Copper-plates.

Vivere qui ſanctè cupitis, diſcedite Româ;
Omnia cum licèant, non licet eſſe Pium.
What ſhouldſt thou do, oh Proteſtant, at *Rome?*
At that new *Babylon,*
All things, but Goodneſs, lawful are become.

LONDON:
Printed for *Dan. Browne, Sam. Let,* and *Dan. Major*; at the Black Swan without *Temple-bar,* the Feathers in *Lumbard-ſtreet,* and the Hand and Scepter over againſt St. *Dunſtans* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1680.

TO THE

Candid and Ingenuous

READER.

READER,

THough this ſmall Book has the Ill-fortune to come abroad into the World at ſuch a Time, when by the Licentiouſneſs of an unlicenſed Preſs, the Town is peſter'd with ſuch a numerous ſwarm of idle Pamphlets, as made the moſt Knowing and Judicious too apt to cenſure all Books, without peruſing them; judging (though too ſeverely) that all are unworthy that pains, becauſe moſt are: Yet this doth not much diſcourage the Author, nor make him doubt of a kinde reception from all true Engliſh Proteſtants; ſince that which is the Subject of this Piece, viz. the Plot, was deſigned to involve all ſuch in a general Ruine. And certainly, it cannot but be acceptable to us,

to take a view of the greatneſs of the Danger we ſo luckily eſcaped. No true Proteſtant, I am ſure, doubts the reality of this lately-diſcovered New Branch of the Old Plot, which hath been carried on and continued ever ſince our Reformation, *though in differing Methods, by theſe curſed* Janizaries *of Hell and* Rome, *the* Jeſuits; *who for complicated Miſchiefs, and before-unheard-of Villanies, make the Devil himſelf ſtand in admiration, to ſee himſelf outdone in his own Trade by theſe Devils incarnate: And blame me not for giving them this Character, unleſs it be becauſe I have not ſaid enough (for words are too weak and low to give them their due.) But alas, poor Innocents! How unchriſtian, nay inhumane and barbarous, are theſe* Engliſh *Hereticks, to ſcandalize them after ſuch a rate as they do? Poor Souls! (cry they) all that we ſeek by our Prayers and Pains, is your Converſion and Salvation, to bring you out of your damnable Errours and Hereſies, and lead you the right way to Paradiſe. A likely matter! Indeed, if cutting our Throats, burning and deſtroying our Habitations, vitiating and corrupting our Wives and Daughters, and cheating us of our Goods, Money and Eſtates, conſpiring to Murder our Dread Sovereign Lord the Kings moſt Gracious Majeſty, and to ſolemnize his Obſequies with the Death and Deſtruction of us all; if this be the way to convert us, from ſuch Converſion,* Libera nos Domine. *What could we expect worſe at the hands of* Turks *and* Mahometans, *nay the moſt barbarous Savages, than theſe infernal Monſters deſigned to inflict upon all in general, that would not truckle to their Superſtition and Idolatry? But*

Ludit in humanis Divina Potentia rebus.

God

God saw their Designes, and though he suffered them to go on for a while, yet he was seen in the Mount (as he hath graciously promised he would be, in his most holy Word:) just when implacable Malice stood with its Arm extended, preparing to strike the fatal stroke and destroy us all at one blow, the most Just God, who hath said, Vengeance is his, turn'd it upon themselves, and they are fallen into the Pit which they digged for our Destruction.

But notwithstanding all that they have done, and though concerning Villany they may do as Hercules *did concerning the utmost bounds of the World, write a* Ne plus ultra, *when they leave off their Old Trade, (which will never be without Squire* Ketch's *assistance:) Yet some good, honest, plain-meaning people think it is no such matter, as if it were impossible that Men of such Learning, Gravity, and seeming Piety and Sanctity, should be such abominable Hypocrites.*

Poor deluded Souls! the Devil himself may learn of them to dissemble, and cannot so easily appear an Angel of Light, as these can seeming Saints.

Let their Proselytes say what they will of their Conversion, and with a blind Implicite Faith believe themselves real Converts; yet I never read that they Converted any but two sorts, viz. *An Honest Man to a Knave, or at best Fool, and a Wife or Virgin to a Whore. And if the same Law were in force against them here, which is in the* Swedish *Territories,* viz. *That they should be Guelt, when and wherever they happen to be taken; I believe then we should be less plagued with these Caterpillars, though they would never cease to Plot our Destruction.*

And now, Reader, this small Book presents itself

to thee; and if you reap by it either Pleasure or Profit, the Authour hath his Designe; who was desirous (if it be this Poems fate to survive this present Age) that Posterity might take a short view of their Treachery, and learn to beware, having so subtle an Enemy to deal with.

The Book, as to Matter and Method, I freely leave to your Censure: Only one thing I would say more, which is this: I would not have you esteem it the less, because 'tis in Verse; though some Ignorant Persons, and others that could never attain to it, dare vilifie and prophane Poetry (which the best and wisest of all Ages always held Sacred and Divine) as if it were uncapable, or at least unfit, to expres any thing of weight or moment. But Antiquity gives sufficient Answer to the contrary, and therefore I shall let them alone in their Folly, and bid thee heartily

FAREWEL.

REA-

READER;

When Rome *to all the Conquer'd World gave Laws,*
And none durſt try the dreadful Eagles claws;
And the proud Conſul (like ſome petty God)
Follow'd by fetter'd Kings in Triumph rode:
Yet in their greateſt Bondage Men were free,
Compar'd to thoſe that feel the Tyranny
Of our New Rome:
There Lucifer *incarnate has his Throne,*
And Cæſar-*like will no Superior own.*
By Force or Fraud he'd make the World obey,
And to his Moloch-*ſhip ſuch Honour pay,*
As only 's due to Heaven: all muſt bow down
To the great Monſter with the Triple Crown.
And all that dare but once oppoſe his Will,
Kill 'em; you merit Heaven when ſuch you kill;
Is moſt authentick Doctrine: Oh! 'tis good
To bathe your hands in ſuch vile Hereticks blood.
And to compleat his Ends, there's none ſo fit
As that chief Plague o'th' World, the Jeſuit.
A Jeſuit's *a Compound of all that's Evil,*
Able to baffle Hell, and foil the Devil
At his own Weapons, Fraud and Cruelty.
But ſince in their Deſignes they both agree,
(I mean the general ruine of Mankinde)
In a ſtrict League he and the Devil joyn'd,

And

And ſtrive with all the Power and Art they can,
Which ſhall do moſt t'undo poor helpleſs Man.

Here, Reader, you may have a taſte or two
Of what theſe curs'd Conſpirators can do.
Here you may ſee 'em plot with one dire ſtroak
To ſpoil the Wood, and fell the Royal Oak:
King, Nobles, Gentry, Commons, all muſt fall
A Sacrifice to their Infernal Baal.
But Heaven be prais'd, their damn'd Deſignes are croſt,
And we are ſav'd, whilſt ſome of them are loſt,
And feel in Hell (though they're made Saints at Rome)
Damnation's an ill Crown of Martyrdome.

EMBLEM

The Jesuits in Counsel, in the time of King Hen. 8.

Still in debate, O *Rome*! when wilt thou be
Serene from Blood, and from Rebellion free?

EMBLEM the Firſt.

PSAL. 64. v. 5.

They encourage themſelves in an evil matter, they commune of laying ſnares privily, they ſay, Who ſhall ſee 'em?

HEre the Religious Cheats of *Rome* are ſet,
Whom their grand Patron hath in private met:
Cloſe in debate the *Matchevillians* ſit,
Folding their Treaſons up in holy Writ.
The grand Impoſtor laughs to ſee the Cheat,
And gains their Souls by making of 'em great:
They're framing now ſome new ambiguous evil,
Juſt ram'd into their Brains by Father Devil.
'Tis this, ſays one------
Long have we Courted, but in vain, to bring
To our harſh yoak, the Northern Iſlands King.
The Church he owns, and duty duely pays,
As to Religion and its formal ways.
By us directed, he has caus'd a flood,
And Victor-like, hath bath'd his hands in blood,
To reach by that a ſmall aſcent to Bliſs,
As if high Heav'n were won by acts like this.
On its Vice-gerent he but half beſtows,
The common pity we allow to foes.
Dull in acknowledgment his ſenſes are,
And Alms thus given, nor merit thanks nor pray'r.
To ſave, forgive, relinquiſh, or redeem
From death, he doth allow to him.
Tranſubſtantiation he believes, and more,
'S confirm'd i'th' holy Unction and its pow'r:
Theſe, theſe great Cheats he owns, but ſtill
He has a matchleſs and unbounded will;

He will not own Heaven's Vicar as Supreme,
But ſays, he is as great a Saint as him.
This makes our Coffers from that Iſland come
Uncram'd, and empty to the See of *Rome*.
Says one, Let's try, and Excommunicate;
Perhaps 'twill ſtartle him to hear of fate.
A Third replies,
He has been threatned, but threats prove too mean;
H'as vow'd, and will not own the Pope Supreme.
Let's try ſome other Cheat to win him to't:
He paus'd, and all the holy Tribe were mute:
Then ſtarts again, and with a formal look,
(As full of deep Enigma's as his Book)
He call'd th'Apoſtate Angel by his name,
Who drew the vail, and to his preſence came;
Haſte, ſays this dark contriver, fly from hence,
Dreſs all your looks in Sacred Innocence;
Aſſume the garb of our Religious Sire,
And to the Northern Iſle with haſt retire;
There ere its ſtubborn Monarch wake from ſleep,
In viſionary form before him ſweep:
Sue, beg, intreat, fall proſtrate at his feet,
With all your guiles his ſlumbring fancy greet;
Preach Diſpenſations, Pardons, all the throng
Of holy Cheats, that to great *Rome* belong;
Promiſe him all your Holineſs can do,
If he'll but own Supremacy to you;
Call him your Darling, Child, and Heir to Bliſs,
If he'll but gratifie your love in this.
The Devil bow'd ſoon as the words were ſpoke,
He clap'd his wings, and vaniſh'd thence in ſmoke,
And then this Diabolick Conſult broke.

Great hopes of Bliſs, or on the earth content,
When Saint like this on Embaſſy is ſent:
Hard fate, poor Soul, is for thy portion giv'n,
If theirs muſt be the path which leads to Heav'n.

King

King Hen. 8. *casting off the Popes Supremacy.*

We in this Emblem see *Romes* tott'ring state,
Which cannot be upheld by Hell nor Fate.

ISA. Chap. 59. v. 3.

For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have ſpoke lyes, your tongue hath uttered perverſeneſs.

POor fools, your Machinations are as vain
As thoſe, who fought with Heav'n in Heav'n to Reign.
Could from your ſpurious Soul
No project ſpring,
But daring to controul
A potent King?
To ſuch a height of impudence you're grown,
Nothing can ſerve you but anothers Throne.
Could the Popes Conſul chuſe,
Amongſt thoſe thouſand Cheats you uſe,
No better Theam
T'inſlave a King,
But to trepan him in a dream?
As if his Guardian-Angel took no care,
To keep him from the ſnare
This diabolick Counſel laid,
To have his liberty betray'd:
But Heav'n foreſaw what Embaſſy was ſent,
And ſwift as thought did their vile Plot prevent;
Still did his ſlumbring fancy take
Its nightly eaſe,
Whilſt the unweary'd Soul did wake,
Which from above
Taſted the mighty gifts of Love.
Quiet as death he in his Chamber lay,
Till beams of light,
Shot from eternal day,
Flaſh'd on his ſight,
And ſhew'd him where the grand Impoſtor lay.

Then in a rage Majeſtick, as his frown,
He ſtarts, and hurls the Triple Monſter down:
Th'Apoſtate Angel trembled at the ſight,
But ſtraight withdrew,
And on the Dusky wings of night
To'rds *Rome* he flew;
Where the Cabal expecting the event,
Saw their Embaſſadour come floundring in;
His eyes ſhot anger, looks ſpake diſcontent,
The true Epitome of each mans ſin.
They gueſs'd the cauſe, and without any ſtay,
Prieſt, Devil, Jeſuit, ſlunk quite away,
And left the buſineſs for another day.

We need not fear but *Rome* will totter down,
And at thy feet caſt her Abortive Crown;
If ſtill thy holy Angel ſweep along,
And guard thy Church from the conſpiring throng.

The Pope rejoyces in Queen Maries *days.*

Behold, the wicked with their joy run mad,
Whilſt righteous men are trembling, pale, and ſad.

JOB Chap. 15. v. 31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

WHat ſuddain joy is this,
What ſtrange ſurprize,
What yet unheard-of Bliſs,
Produce theſe great varieties?
It muſt be ſo,
Rome has an Empreſs now
Which doth allow
To the all-ſaving Pope Supremacy:
That, that's the cauſe
Of this applauſe,
And this phantaſtick vanity.
Rome never laughs, or ſeems to ſmile,
Unleſs
Some ſecret guile
Layd by the Pope and his ambitious crew,
Have its ſucceſs,
Though it ten thouſand Souls undo:
Souls are but Tennis-balls,
The common ſport
Of the Romantick Cardinals,
And all the Court;
About they're bandy'd till that * *all o'er evil*, * *The Pope.*
For want of money ſends them to the Devil.
For Maſs, or Pray'r,
He takes no care,
Till *Pluto* his great god Arrives;
Then with a throng
Of unreſiſtleſs pray'rs he batters Hell,
And leads the guilty Souls along
No one knows where, nor none can tell.
And thus for Gold, the Devil and the Pope
Deceive mens Souls, till they are damn'd in hope.

If

If Gold on earth ſhould our Salvation bring,
What need we fear the Thunder of Heav'ns King?
Let Scripture too, as uſeleſs be layd by;
Gold is the ſaving true Divinity.
Poor hood-wink'd fools, to think and vainly hope,
To buy Salvation from th' unerring Pope:
You're blind, miſled, and all in darkneſs move;
No one can pardon ſins, but God above.

The

The Conſult about the Spaniſh *Invaſion.*

Conſpiring ſtill! when will the Project be
Lick'd into form, that all the world may ſee,
Rome never teem'd with ought but villany?

JOB, Chap. 15. v. 35.

They conceive miſchief, and bring forth vanity, and their belly prepareth deceit.

THus the faln Angels did in Counſel ſit,
Each *Cherub* fil'd with deep infernal wit;
The *Pandæmonium* bent beneath the crowd,
And their contrivance is by all allow'd:
From thence to *Rome* the bloody Edict's hurl'd,
That they might plot the ruine of the world.
Cloſe in Conſult, th'Apoſtate Fathers doom
(Apoſtates to the Faith, though not to *Rome*)
A dreadful ſentence on this peaceful Iſle;
Not doubting its ſucceſs; like Hell they ſmile,
When any doubtful Soul it doth beguile.
A Nuncio ſtreight is to the *Spaniard* ſent,
To give a Model of the Popes intent;
Which he applauds, not daring to controul
His Holineſs, leſt he ſhould damn his Soul:
The Duke of *Parma* too, ere aid's requir'd,
(Spur'd by ſucceſs, and by his zeal all fir'd)
Affords his help, commands a Naval force,
And's quite reſolv'd upon this bloody courſe.
The Pope to haſten ſuch a glorious evil,
Allows a Million too to bribe the Devil.
Great preparations on every ſide
Are making--------
And the Sea begins to ſwell with pride:
Th'Armado's fix'd, and its vaſt entrals grown
Big belly'd now with Rubbage of their own;
The Horſe and Foot promiſcuouſly are ſtow'd,
Till *Neptune* ſtagger'd with the mighty Load:
The Sails are hoiſted whilſt the wind ſits fair,
And acclamations fill'd the troubled air;
The hollow ecchoes from the ſhore rebound,
Which Trumpets anſwer with melodious ſound:

The

The confus'd diſcords follow from the ſtrand,
Till they have loſt their clamour with the Land.
Thus puff'd with pride, on miſchief they are bent,
Ruin's their aym, which Heav'n does ſtill prevent.

Could'ſt thou imagine, *Rome*, that Heav'n would ſtill
Wink when you Plotted to deſtroy and kill?
He not in Blood Religious Baſis laid,
'Twas undefil'd till you its ſtamp betray'd,
And with baſe Metal its true Quoin Allay'd.
He that moves thus to have his Faith run even,
Has quite miſtook the way which leads to Heav'n.

The Spaniſh *Invaſion.*

Strive not, O *Rome*, ſince blows can ne're be giv'n
'Gainſt her that's guarded by the pow'rs of Heav'n.

PSAL. 53. v. 5.

There were they in great fear where no fear was; for God hath ſcattered the bones of them that encamped againſt thee, thou haſt put them to ſhame becauſe God hath deſpiſed them.

AT length, O *Rome*,
Your Naval force is to this Iſland come,
Fraught with deſtruction, and with Treaſons grown
So big, ſhe's monſtrous now to every one.
Each common ſoul
Hopes to controul.
Nothing but death, damnation, or what's worſe,
A holy Curſe
They think
Breath'd from the mouth of an Infernal Pope,
That can revoke
Or call a ſoul,
Though ne'r ſo foul,
Ev'n from Hells brink.
Laſh'd by the fear, juſt at the lateſt hour
(Although Damnation is not in his pow'r)
Produce but Gold, his Holineſs ſhall give
Th'Immortal part
(Lodg'd in the heart)
His word, and that's enough, to live
Safe in the boſome of his heaveuly Sire:
Or elſe inſtead,
When thou art dead,
And leaves no money for the Holy See,
Thy ſoul is damn'd to perpetuity.
This, this black Monſter's come
From blacker *Rome*,

With all the plagues Hell can it ſelf invent,
With an intent
To ſnatch the fruit from the forbidden Tree.
Thus *Eve* deluded by th'Apoſtate, eat,
And curs'd the world in taking of her meat.
Methinks I ſpy,
I'th' Northern sky,
A ſtrange unuſual ſtreak of light,
Which to my ſight,
Seems like a God whirl'd in a flame of fire,
Which darting down
On her Imperial head that wore the Crown,
Told her, the enemy ſhould ſtreight expire.
Then ſwift as thought upon the edge of day
He ſoar'd, and towards Heaven wing'd his way;
Our Royal Miſtris not the leaſt diſmay'd,
Call'd all her chiefs, and thus in ſmiles ſhe ſaid:
Behold the ſcum,
The ſpurious Off-ſpring there
Of bloody *Rome*,
Whoſe Enſigns play between the tender air,
O'regrown with pride, and glutted with renown,
Are come to ſeize upon the *Engliſh* Crown;
Their large Armado, like a floating Wood,
Reſolve to ſwim here in a Crimſon flood.
Fagot and fire
They ſtill deſire,
Or any thing that ruine brings;
Rome cannot live
Unleſs it give
Hells warrant out to murder Kings.
They are forbid, and are not to be good;
The Devil ſeal'd it with the Vicars blood:
But Heav'n preſerv'd me ſure to wear the Crown,
That I might pull this *Romiſh* Harlot down.
Drunk with the blood of Martyr'd ſouls they roam;
And all its crue
We'll ſoon undo,
And with unuſual force o'recome.

Scarce

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, but from her preſence went
A Chief all fire,
Whoſe looks ſpoke Ire,
And eyes declar'd his dire intent:
Prompted by Heav'n he in an inſtant flew,
And with deſtruction 'mongſt the Navy flew:
The foaming ſtage
Boyling with rage,
And heated with the fire its ſelf did bear,
Like yawning graves,
Open'd their waves,
Sunk ſome, and toſs'd the reſt to air.

With care and pains, and with true zeal we ſhould
Give thanks in pray'rs, and ſacrifice our blood.
Should we forget, and not that Off'ring give,
In dark and dusky paths the ſoul would live.
Great thanks are due, and greater we muſt own,
When thus through Miracles the way is ſhown
To Heav'n, and to its Empyreal Throne.

The Pope laments the loſs of the Spaniſh *Fleet.*

Didſt thou weep now, and for thy many Crimes,
The World might hope to ſee much better times.

JOB, Chap. 20. v. 5.

That the triumphing of the wicked is ſhort, and the joy of the Hypocrite but for a moment.

PRevented thus, muſt all my Counſels be
Abortive ſtill, and end in infamy!
Muſt all thoſe many thouſand ſlaves of mine
That flew to liſten, long'd for a deſign,
Allow'd their thoughts, applauded my device,
Nay, Kings I was not wanting to entice,
Which now will melt away like winters Ice.
All my Religious dear Indulgencies,
My Bulls, my Diſpenſations, Fopperies,
My Pardons, Holy Unction, nay, my hate,
Which ſtill I vended at ſo dear a rate,
It made a Bankrupt of a Potentate.
My Excommunications too were grown,
To take them off----
So dear, they would undo a Throne.
Abroad my fooliſh Fires, my teaching Crowd,
My falſe *Helena*'s which this See allow'd,
My dear infernal propagators too,
Who taught Religion, that it might undo.
My Prieſts, my Monks, my Jeſuits; nay, all
The Romiſh Tribe will in this Conflict fall.
This dear Religion which admits all vice,
This Chain which links the wife, doth fools entice,
This Agent fram'd to cheat the ſouls of men,
The bugbear which this Empreſs doth condemn,
She, ſhe o'rethrows it; *Rome* muſt totter down,
And its luxurious Tribe dread ev'ry frown.
We muſt be circumſcrib'd that liv'd at eaſe,
And had varieties enough to pleaſe;
How ſhall we, now this grand deſign is known
And blaſted, keep our ſelves upon the Throne?

The tender Virgins in the early bud
Seduc'd by what they never underſtood,
Do vainly hope for an eternal good:
Drawn by that Magnet, our Religion, come
To be unerring proſtitutes of *Rome*.
We or the Sacred Tribe aſſail the Tree,
And then forgive her loſs of Chaſtity.
Theſe, theſe great bleſſings muſt be ſnatch'd away;
None but the blind will groap in open day.
If they pluck off but once the Lyons skin,
All will degrade the Aſs that's hid within;
So if diſcover'd by this laſt defeat,
The Rabble will deride me for a Cheat.
This, this I fear, 'tis this which makes me mourn;
Haſte to the holy Tribe, make ſwift return,
Bear 'em theſe drops, theſe liquid Pearly tears,
Bid 'em take heart, and baniſh all their fears;
Tell 'em——
Another Plot is laid; nay, tell 'em more,
Tell 'em, the Plot's far ſtronger than before.
The Embryo's hatch'd which Hell ſhall ne're revoke,
Nor ſhall it like the laſt deſign be broke,
Though it infeſt the neighbouring world with ſmoak.

Is this Religion, this the holy Cheat?
Is it for this you're mounted to the ſeat?
Are you thought good, that are ſo all o're Vice?
Is your Religion Luſt and Avarice?
Guard me, ye Pow'rs, from ſuch a holy evil,
That hurls both ſoul and body to the Devil.

The Powder-Plot.

Miſchief on miſchief doth from *Rome* proceed,
Yet all is blaſted in the very deed,
And Heav'n ſtill helps when there is any need.

JOB, Chap. 24. v. 16.

In the dark they dig through houſes, which they had marked for themſelves in the day-time; they know not the light.

HAs Hell ungorg'd, and from its entrails thrown
Into the lap of *Rome* this Plot alone?
Has the dark Conſult of the gloomy part,
Unboſom'd now the utmoſt of their Art,
And writ it in the Center of the heart?
Still hand in hand cannot the Nation ſee
A Pope and Devil, but, falſe *Rome*, in thee!
Falſer than Hell, nay, falſer than its chief;
He ſins as Devil; few allow belief
To him, whom we all know to be a thief:
But cloath'd in Holineſs, great Pope, like you,
He may eſſay another world t'undo.
Like him at firſt, y'aſſault the weakeſt part,
And dart Rebellion in a womans heart.
Hell keeps an Annal, regiſters you there,
And dines upon a Pope twice every year.
Sated with ſuch a damn'd luxurious crue,
He vomits all his Treaſons out on you.
The then dull Pope, he in Religion rouls,
Whoſe onely buſineſs is to damn their ſouls.
You're but an Agent here within the world;
Hells buſineſs done, and all its banners furl'd,
Loaden with ſins, you're to its Kingdom hurl'd.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, for ſhame, lay all your plotting by,
For once again you've loſt the Victory,
So great a Cheat and baſe a Gilt you're grown,
That for Religion I'le allow you none.
Your ſelf, I gueſs, did you but often trace,
And view the yawning wrinkles in your face,

The

The dry parch'd furrows of the *Romiſh* Clay,
You would in ſpight of Hell our God obey.
Behold, you ſtrange, you Irreligious Crue,
And look upon the miſchiefs caus'd by you.
Look from a far, how through the Eaſtern ſky,
The Beams of Heav'n have made diſcovery;
Then look again, and in the Weſt you'll ſee
The under-Agents of this villany;
See 'em ſuſpended, and at once look pale,
And then conſider if you can prevail.
Blood requires blood, this has our Maker taught,
And yet it is your ev'ry minutes fault.
If Murder be no ſin, why ſhould not we,
That have both ſtrength and hands, act cruelty?
Were that the way to prove Religion good,
We could exhauſt a Nation of its Blood.
But you have got the knack to ſave, forgive,
Nay, to damn thoſe you would not have to live.
Did you e'r read, or can you all maintain,
That God commanded *Abel* ſhould be ſlain?
Or had his great Omnipotence decreed,
That for ſome ſecret reaſon he ſhould bleed?
Yet he curs'd *Cain*, who preſently was driv'n,
And made a vagabond on Earth and Heav'n;
A ſecret mark was on the Murth'rer ſet,
Which did to all, his villany deteſt.
So to your cauſe the fatal Brand is giv'n,
Which keeps you from the path which leads to Heav'n.

'Tis plainly ſeen, Heav'n has a careful eye,
And guards his Church from *Romiſh* vanity.
He has forbid, nor will he e'r allow
That man ſhould to a graven Image bow.
Ill grounded ſure the Faith of Man muſt be,
That courts Salvation by offending thee,
And Chriſt forgets-----
Unleſs he's put in mind by Effigie.

King

King Charles *the First Murdered.*

JOB, Chap. 27. v. 8.

For what is the hope of the Hypocrite though he hath gained, when God taketh away his Soul?

AH fatal day! let it for ever be
Dark and obſcure,
Let night indure
To perpetuity;
Let not one ray
Nor ſtreak of day
Appear:
But let dull night
O'recome the light,
And in grim horrour let us view it here.
For round the world
Confuſion's hurl'd,
And ſtrange Convulſions ſhake the Earth;
The hollow Womb
Of ev'ry Tomb
Groan'd when he loſt his Royal breath.
Ah! curs'd * Impoſtor, may thy eſſential part, * *Cromwel.*
Loaden with Tortures, toſs'd from flame to flame,
May Hells plagues there, on Earth thy curſed name
Fright all who crack'd the cordage of his heart.
And *Rome*,
Thou monſtrous Pile,
Rear'd up in Blood, and in confuſion built;
The blackeſt doom
That e're Religion gave, and yet did ſmile,
Was, that thy blood ſhould be thus baſely ſpilt.
Religion, O 'tis ſin to name
a double guilt,
Nay, but to think, ſhe could deſtroy a frame
Which God had built.

'Twas

'Twas Hell
Joyn'd with the darling off-ſpring of its hope,
The bloody Pope,
Which did this miſchief to the world foretel:
Thus *Herod* ſought our Saviour to deſtroy,
To rob the World of its Immortal joy:
Blood-thirſty *Rome*
'S as vile become,
And its Inhabitants as thirſty are,
As that *Judea*'s King,
Who ſought to bring
The world into a pannick fear:
He would have robb'd the ſoul of its bleſt part,
And this has touch'd the body to the heart.
I'th' weeping Crowd,
Methinks I ſpy
A Traytor lye,
Which laughs aloud,
And cries,
Now *Rome*
Thy glorious happy day is come,
That thou may'ſt act thy villanies;
Now ſhall thy Off-ſpring have a happy birth,
And thy deluſions compaſs all the Earth.
Now ſhall we be
From trouble free,
And live under *Romes* Sov'raignty.
Thus ſpoke the Jeſuit, when the ſtroak was giv'n
That ſent a Martyr and a King to Heav'n.

Ill muſt we hope, and ill th'event will be,
When Blood ſhall bring a man to Sov'raignty:
Strange deſperations do ſtrange actions bring,
But 'tis more ſtrange to level at a King.
Heav'n made him Sacred, and that hand will be
That ſtrikes him, damn'd to perpetuity.
The Agents all, Protector and the Pope,
(Though Heav'n has giv'n 'em yet a little ſcope)
Muſt dye and periſh without any hope.

The

The Burning of London.

Rome, thou hast Conquer'd *London's* earthy part,
But never shalt o'recome the Lions heart.

PROV. 4. Chap. 16. & JOB, Chap. 6. v. 27.

For they ſleep not, unleſs they have done miſchief; and their ſleep is taken away, unleſs they cauſe ſome to fall.

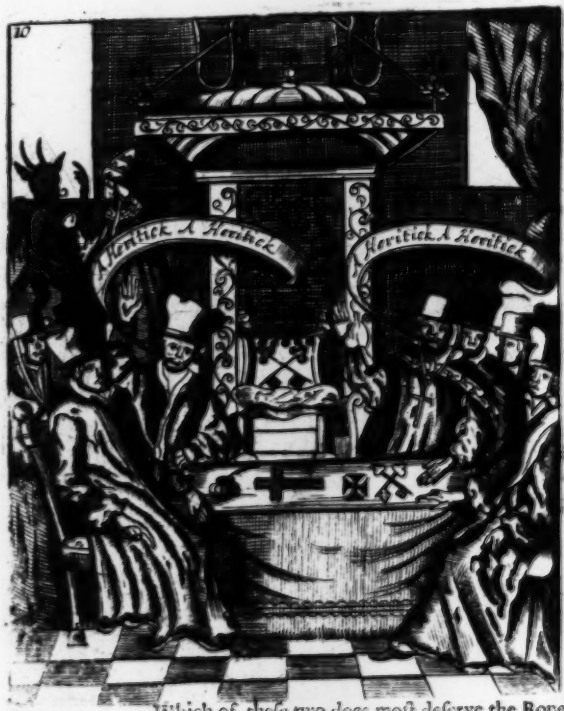
Yea, ye overwhelm the Fatherleſs, and you dig a pit for your friend.

IS't come to this? is your revenge ſo great,
That this Metropolis in flames muſt ſet?
Is this a Sacrifice t'appeaſe the Pope?
Are theſe the ruines *Rome* ſo long did hope?
The curſt Cabal have thought upon a way,
And our bright flames makes theirs a glorious day.
Though in confuſion all our buildings rowl,
Yet, *Rome*, thou can'ſt not touch our Monarchs ſoul;
That with Religious Adhiſtantine Rocks
Is bar'd,-----
And 'twill ſuſtain the fury of your ſhocks;
Nor Blood, nor fire, can undo its locks:
Fix'd like the Center of the earth 'twill be,
Unmoveable to all Eternity.
Heav'ns frame will ſtagger ere his ſoul gives way:
Certain as light
Which uſhers in the day,
He ſtill in fright
Shall make you all obey.
Heav'n wink'd, and gave the bloody Monſter leave
To roam a while about, and to deceive;
Undid the links which chain'd him to the ground,
Where he lay groveling to receive the wound.
Satan ask'd leave that he might *Job* torment,
And the Omnipotent did give conſent:
His outward ſubſtance vaniſh'd into ſmoak,
His Children dy'd, he like a Leper broak:

All his Terreſtrial goods were ſnatch'd away,
And he, though counſell'd, did not diſobey:
Th'Apoſtate, Woman did again aſſail,
And thought on weakneſs he might ſtill prevail.
Job's guardian-Angel did about him fly,
And kept entire the ſouls integrity:
The tryal paſt, the Angel up did ſoar,
And *Job* was made much richer than before.
The Cherub back is to his torments hurl'd,
And's forc'd to leave the pleaſures of the world.
So you muſt ſhrink to your firſt mother clay,
And all your glories ſhall be ſnateh'd away,
And you be ſhut from the eternal day;
Whilſt from the top of our rebuilded Wall,
We ſhall behold your ſplendid Funeral;
But *Dives*-like, when you're to Hell betray'd,
You ſhall be fed with fires your ſelves have made.

That *Rome* is Hell, the world muſt need confeſs;
Then ſure the Devil is his Holineſs.
Monks, Fryers, Abbots, Jeſuits, and all
The thick-ſcull'd Biſhops, nay, the Cardinal,
Are Devils too, though of a leſs eſteem,
And ſuck their Trayt'rous Practices from him.
When earth was Chaos, and ere night began;
Ere Heav'n had ſcarce conſider'd upon Man,
Then in Rebellion did th'Apoſtate move,
And ſcorn'd to own Supremacy above.
Cherub with *Cherub* did for Conqueſt try,
And all the *Zeraphs* fought for victory:
Arms againſt Arms, Angel 'gainſt Angel ſtrove,
And all was diſcord which before was love.
Thus the rebellious Angels ſtrove for ſway,
Till with their bliſs they loſt eternal day:
So you Apoſtates to Religion turn,
Till in the fires you made, your ſelves you burn.

The general Consultation for promoting the Roman Catholick Religion, &c.



Which of these two does most deserve the Rope, Grand Father Devil, or grave Father Pope?

JOB, Chap. 32. v. 9.

Great men are not always wiſe, neither do the aged underſtand Judgment.

Pop. TWice moſt ſucceſsfully we have prevail'd,
And in the direful projects have not fail'd;
Good Omen of a future ſure ſucceſs,
Murder and fire foreſhews *Romes* happineſs.
Dev. You need not fear, what ere you undertake
Shall proſper, though you made the world a ſtake.
Rapine, and Blood, Rebellion for a Throne
You may command, as vertues of your own.
Where the nice Conſcience doth not contradict,
Who dare repine at pains which you inflict?
Into your hand ſuch mighty pow'r is giv'n,
Supreme on earth, till you are ſnatch'd to Heav'n;
Where cloath'd in Sun-beams in that bleſt abode,
You ſhall uſurp the Title of a God.
Pop. Beſt and moſt bleſt,* thou *Romes* eternal friend
My boſome-Saint, on whom my joys depend,
My Minion of delight, my darling Child,
My all that ever nature gave, that ever ſmil'd
To ſee my univerſal foes beguil'd.
Dev. From the deep caverns of the vaſt Abyſs,
Where crowds of Hereticks with endleſs hiſs
Groan, and repine they ſhun'd the way to bliſs:
With diſmal roarings they the deep invade,
And curſe the Wounds their ignorance have made.
Now they too plainly find, and too late ſee
They loſt Eternity in ſlighting thee.
Ranging amongſt this damn'd and diſmal crew,
In a lone corner far from any view,
Silent as night, and penſive as a Dove,
I ſaw a ſoul juſt hurry'd from above,
Reeking in Blood, and mangled in ſuch ſort,
It rather mov'd my pity than my ſport;

* *Emaces im.*

I ſtreight demanded what the object meant,
And found----
He was a Catholick from *Tyburn* ſent,
A *Roman* too, none of the meaneſt fame;
Had not his Nation blaſted half his name.
He was of *Gallia*, eager for deſire,
And was the firſt which *London* ſet on fire.
Hubert the Martyr, Sir, it is I mean.

Pop. Releaſe him quickly from his diſmal den;
Send ſtreight a thouſand Maſſes to the Cave,
And ſhew him there is bliſs beyond the Grave.
If they ſhould fail, my pardon without doubt
Will quickly fetch this firſt *French* Martyr out:
More to reward him for the pains he took,
Let him be Canoniz'd a Saint, and look
You ſet him down a Martyr in my book.

Dev. It ſhall be done; but yet before I go,
The buſineſs of the North I fain would know.
The laſt great fire has yet but warm'd their Blood,
It muſt boil o're, before the Maſs be good.

Pop. It ſhall, although in ſuch a weighty cauſe
My nice and fooliſh Conſcience bids me pauſe:
'Tis ſomething ill to burn a Royal Throne.

Dev. It is no crime, Sir, to deſtroy your own.
The flames do only in your birth-right rage,
And *England*'s yours, Sir, by Inheritage:
St. *Peter* gave it to the See of *Rome*;
Then you that are his Vicar ſure may doom
Death and Damnation on deſerters ſtill,
And burn the Rebel-pile, when ere you will.
Heav'n did not erre when it deſtroy'd the world,
But ſince in private parts confuſion hurl'd.
He that firſt made, may firſt of all undo,
And ſo by the ſame reaſon, Sir, may you.
Things grounded thus are put beyond diſpute;
He cannot ſin, whom Heav'n doth inſtitute.

Pop. I am convinc'd; let all in ruine roul:
He firſt deſtroy'd the body, I the ſoul.
Nip in the bud the fruit that ſprings ſo well,
And make a Maſſacre to pleaſure Hell.

Dev.

Dev. I've found out Agents to perform your will,
Men that to gain Salvation, only kill;
A ſort of Saints, who think they merit grace,
When any Royal Image they deface;
Nurs'd up in Blood, to Murder they're ſo quick,
They'l bleſs that hand which kills an Heretick.
Provincial *Whitebread* has an active ſoul,
And is moſt fit the weaker to controul;
Cardinal *Howard* ſhall poſſeſſion take,
And as your Legate Royal Orders make.
Coleman and *Harcourt*, Father *Conyers*, all
Shall give their ayds till it to ruine fall.
If they ſhould fail, *Groves* with an *Iriſh* crew
Shall burn down *Southwark*, Sir, to pleaſure you;
Blundel in *Wapping* ſhall maintain a fire;
The *Strand* and *Weſtminſter*, if you deſire,
Shall fry in flames, and in vaſt ſmoaks expire.
Beſides, ſome other Jeſuits of truſt
I have, that will to your great Cauſe be juſt;
Manag'd by theſe, with policy extream,
We'll quickly make your Holineſs Supream.

Pop. It ſhall be ſo, give our Commiſſions out,
Diſburſe our money too, to clear all doubt;
Seal my blank Pardons in ſuch num'rous ſwarms,
That they may be ſecur'd from endleſs harms.
For any ſin, forgiveneſs I decree;
Murder, and Rapine, fire, and Perjury,
Are Crimes I can with as much eaſe forgive,
As the Omnipotent can bid man live.
Diſpatch theſe ſtreight, 'tis dang'rous to delay;
When Conſternation blinds 'em in the day,
A little matter ſweeps 'em all away.

What dark Debates and ſtrange Reſults are here!
Nothing but horror dwells within thy ſpheer.
Thy products, *Rome*, are like thy Counſels dire,
Nothing proceeds from thee but blood and fire.
Thy noſtrils burn, and the black ſulphrous flame
Strives to kill thoſe who not adore thy name.
What can Religion be, or what the ſcope?
How can we think or have but any hope
Of good, from ſuch a Devil, ſuch a Pope? *White-*

Whitebread *the Provincial striking Doctor* Oates, &c.

Pitts, they say, may strike as well as Preach;
That Maxim in the *Romish* Church they teach:
And if their Consults any one betrays,
'Tis Meritorious to cut off his days.

JOB, Chap. 30. v. 29.

I am a Brother to Dragons, and a companion to Owls.

ENglands Preſerver, having felt the ſting
Of Conſcience, in remorſe
To ſave the King
From threatning dangers, and conſulted Crimes,
Thinks on a courſe
That memory ſhall bleſs in future times:
Weary of deeds ſo conſequently ill,
He is reſolv'd to ſave whom they would kill.
In order then
To theſe great glorious acts,
Which they condemn, 'cauſe it diſplaies their facts
To th'eyes of men;
He gladly moves, but with ſo mild a grace,
That none could read his buſineſs in his face.
Therefore reſolv'd to leave the Faction quite,
He turns a happy Proſelyte.
Provincial *Whitebread* having underſtood
The Convert was afraid to deal in blood,
At ev'ry thought
Which various dangers to his fancy brought,
He wiſh'd in rage
He might the Author of his fears engage.
The night
Had juſt withdrawn,
When early dawn
Reſtor'd him to the glorious light;
When with a frown,
Enough to ſtrike a puny Chriſtian down,
He roſe.
Scarce was he dreſs'd, but to his preſence came
The wiſh'd-for object of his fear and ſhame,
Whom he did thus oppoſe.

Scaree

Scarce had he entred 'fore this ſpawn of Hell,
Without diſpute upon the Convert fell.
So have I ſeen a ſavage Bore in chace,
When certain death has follow'd him apace,
Foming with rage, turn on the firſt purſu'd,
Till his long Tusks is with red blood embru'd.
A ſecond too, if he had miſt his dart,
The beaſt with ſpeed would reach his very heart
His ground maintaining till his wounds were grown
So many, they appeared all but one.
So the Provincial ſeiz'd upon his prey,
And would with blows have taught him to obey.
The other calm and ſilent as a dove,
Mov'd as became
The rev'rent name
Of one that is endear'd with love.
The angry Jeſuit more vext to ſee
He did ſo ſlightly bear the Infamy,
Lifts up again,
Though rear'd in pain,
A wither'd hand which onely cut the ayr;
So light it fell,
He could not tell
Whether he ſtruck in love or fear,
Had not the dictates of the mind,
His eyes,
Spoke what from blows he could not find,
He had forgot the injuries.
His ſpleen abated, he doth calmly treat,
But blames him that he ſhould defeat
The rev'rend Pope, and all the holy crue,
Which ſuch another act would quite undo:
Tells him it was a baſe unworthy thing,
To bring
A Plot ſo hopeful to a hopeleſs King;
Tells him withall, he but uſurps a pow'r,
And's like a glorious Monarch for an hour;
The Tyrants rule hath made Religion ſick,
Who hath pronounc'd him for an Heretick:

What

What hope of good
To ſave his blood
Can come to you?
All Secular places are already cram'd
So full, that to undo
What ye've already plotted to purſue,
Will irrevocably but leave you damn'd:
You'l ſoon be curſt,
And all the worſt
Of woes muſt needs betide,
When Sacrament and Unction is deny'd.
Inſtead of theſe,
If *Rome* you pleaſe,
And to the Pope be true,
Glories on glories will
From Heav'n diſtill,
And Nature triumph that ſhe moulded you.
The Convert bow'd without the leaſt reply;
And *Whitebread* to make ſure of victory
Gave him ſmooth words, and tells him his intent
Is that with ſpeed he ſhall to *Rome* be ſent,
There to ask Counſel and promote the cauſe,
And bring away the new eſtabliſh'd Laws,
That with one ſtroak this glorious Kingdom be,
The darling Child to the great *Roman* See,
And ever live in endleſs Tyranny.

To truſt ſuch men, is to betray the Soul,
If ſtill they do run on in acts ſo foul:
Heav'n plagues on earth their ſordid lumps of clay,
Then ſhuts 'em out from his eternal day,
Where ſpight of Maſs or Unction the black ſoul
In endleſs Tortures ſhall for ever roul.

The Conſult in Whitebreads *Chamber.*

the Cockatrices must be hatcht
the Cockatrices must be hatcht
the Cockatrices must be hatcht

ISAIAH, Chap. 5. v. 18.

Wo unto them that draw Iniquity with cords of Vanity, and ſin as it were with a Cart-rope.

CLoſe in debate,
Like angry Fate,
Thruſt from the Synod of the Gods they ſeem;
Each individual brain,
That ſhould contain
Embryo's for good, do ſtill with miſchief teem;
Treaſon and Murder are their darling joys,
And he acts beſt which moſt of all deſtroys.
The cloſe Cabal,
Dreading a fall,
Are now conſpiring to preſerve their own;
Each ſpeaks his ſence,
Blank Impudence,
And ſtill their hope is to enjoy the Throne.
One holds it ſafe, and conſequently good,
At firſt not to begin with Blood;
But doth adviſe
Rather with ſtrength,
Which muſt at length
Protect their many Villanies,
Should any bleed
Before the great and wiſh'd-for day is come,
The very deed
Would make us all
Untimely fall
A bloody Sacrifice to *Rome*.
Scarce any good
Can come by blood
That's raſh and unadvis'dly ſpilt;
Beſides 'tis poor,
Since thouſands more
Muſt have an equal ſhare i'th' guilt.

Then

Then *Whitebread* roſe,
And did depoſe,
That 'twas a Meritorious deed
In any one
To gain a Throne,
Although th' unhappy Monarch bleed.
Each Proſelyte
That flies from *Rome*
To the Apoſtate Church, we always doom
Death and Damnation ſhall his portion be,
Cauſe he proclaims its villany.
And our great pillar of Religion hate,
Call us the Executioners of fate.
If this ſmall Convert be
Thus doom'd by *Rome*,
Requited thus by me,
What ſhall become
Of him that is all over treachery?
Too late we find
He knew our mind,
And has too long been privy made
To the beſt deed,
Should he ſucceed,
That ever villany betray'd.
'Tis yet within our pow'rs to keep it good,
And hide its depth in the raſh Converts blood.
Or we, or him, nay all,
Rome too will fall,
If the diſcoverer ſurvive;
But ſtop his breath
With ſuddain death,
Rome and its many Plots may thrive.
To fooliſh niceneſs lend not any ear;
He doubts Salvation that's poſſeſt with fear.
Scarce had he ſpoke,
But from 'em broke
An univerſal ſhout which reach'd the sky;
Each grac'd the cauſe
With high applauſe,
And all pronounc'd he preſently ſhould dye.

The

The happy Convert, happy more to be
The blest discoverer of the villany,
By God directed, bent his steps that way,
And unseen heard,
What most he fear'd,
The Consult of that bloody day.
Amaz'd with fear,
Nor daring now to stay,
Fore-warn'd by that, which he had heard 'em say:
To shun the stroak they promis'd was so near,
He moves, and left the Diabolick Consult there.

All-seeing Heav'n, the best and blest abode
Of an all-knowing all-forgiving God,
Sends from above a glitt'ring glorious ray,
To mark our paths out in the open day,
And gloomy night, lest we should go astray.
From Wolves and Bears that hourly wait for blood,
From those who never were nor can be good,
He still defends us; Heav'n has put Armour on,
Which still preserves our Monarch on the Throne,
And guards us all,——
From that foul Whorish beast of *Babylon*.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey *taking* Dr. Oates *his Examination.*

Now *Rome* the egg thy Cockatrice hath laid,
Is paſh'd; and all thy villanies betray'd.

ISAIAH, Chap. 4. v. 8.

Woe unto them that joyn houſe to houſe, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midſt of the earth.

BLeſt happy day,
And happier thou that didſt betray
The Machinations of falſe bloody *Rome*;
Thou'ſt waſh'd thy Soul,
And thus reverſing *Englands* fatal doom,
As pure and white
As glorious light,
When it the dusky Clouds controul.
No ſtreak
Nor ray
Shall ever break
From night,
To cloud thy everlaſting day:
Sun-beams ſhall Crown
Thy head,
And vaſt renown
Fold thee for ever in her glitt'ring Arms,
And endleſs Fame
Shall keep thy name
Freſh and untouch'd from future harms.
When dead,
Like bloſſom'd flowers in their early bud,
Thou ſhalt ſmell ſweet, and in the duſt be good.
What can we give
Too much, to him who taught us all to live?
Reform'd and crooked were the lines of Fate,
Which you have ras'd, and made the Legend ſtreight.

'Twas well for *England* that it ever bore
A Soul which did its Liberty reſtore.
Bleſt Conſtellations in Conjunction were,
And thou wert born under a happy ſtar:
Nature that fram'd thee of pure fleſh and blood,
Sent thee into the World to do it good.
Now the Conſpirers in confuſion roul,
And they could wiſh they ne'er had had a Soul;
Did not the grand deluding Pope each day,
With hopes of Pardon, lead 'em ſtill aſtray.
Poor miſ-led ſlaves,
Why are you ſo benum'd, ſo Cheated all,
That with your loads of ſins unmov'd you fall
To your untimely graves?
As if on earth
Salvation had its happy birth.
You'l find too late, when Natures debt is due,
Hell cheats the Pope, the Pope deludeth you.
In liquid flames you'l be together cram'd,
Where when too late
You ſee your fate,
You'l taſt the Sentence to be ever damn'd.

You're taught indeed, and 'tis a *Romiſh* guile,
To Murder Kings, and at the Action ſmile:
Farther you're prompted by the *Roman* State,
If you're diſcover'd ere your zealous hate
Can reach his life,
Not to diſcover it at any rate;
Not to own Blood, though in your guilty hand
The Dagger's found that did his death command.
Your Prieſt forgives you though the act was foul,
And on his bloody ſleeve you pin your Soul.
Pardon'd by him, you All Not guilty plead;
And thus they wheadle you till you are dead.

The Dogging and Killing of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.

For blood they hunt, and after blood they fly,
Their Beaks and Tallons ſpeak their villany;
Like Owls they lurk, and tremble at the light,
But paſh the prey, when favour'd by the night.

PROV. Chap. 6. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.

These six things the Lord hateth, yea, seven are an abomination unto him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord amongst Brethren.

AS in a Desert ravenous Bears do roam,
And seek for prey to feed their Cubs at home;
So these black Monsters on destruction run,
Scorning to be in villany outdone.
Like them, they range with a desire unknown,
And all to snatch a Monarch from his Throne.
Cloath'd in destruction, the Tempestuous will
Can never be allay'd till it doth kill.
The foaming Billows higher mount and higher,
As if to mix with Clouds they would aspire.
With thundring Eccho wave doth wave engage,
And all the Ocean is o'recome with rage.
Th'Incestuous Womb aloud doth tyrannize,
Till Ships whose very tops have touch'd the skyes,
And Men do all become a Sacrifice.
When thus appeas'd, she ceaseth to be foul,
And her large Billows do more calmly roul.
But thou, O *Rome*, could'st never glutted be,
Though all the world did tast thy Treachery:
As often as thy dark Conspirers kill,
Thou dost ungorge, and never hast thy fill.
Thy Womb's so vast, the dark Abyss that's curs'd,
Cannot hold Blood enough to quench thy thirst.
Thus tender Lambs become the Lyons Prey,
And *Romish* Wolves do snatch our Saints away.

See how they follow him from place to place,
And dog his ſteps, each private corner trace:
The ſent is ſtrong, they follow him for blood,
And *Rome*, whoſe Dictates cannot be withſtood,
Has warranted the action to be good.
Now b'ing arriv'd near to his fatal end,
He is Accoſted by a ſeeming friend,
Who in confuſion tells him, that too ſoon,
Unleſs he went, ſome miſchief would be done:
Two men are fighting, and blood muſt inſue,
Unleſs prevented by their ſeeing you.
He nothing doubting that he was betray'd,
Nor thinking on the ſnare which *Rome* had layd,
Follows this *Judas* to the fatal place,
And met his deſtiny too ſwift a pace.
He wing'd with zeal, did to'rds his Murth'rers fly,
But little thought he made ſuch haſt to dye.
Too ſoon he found what was decreed by Fate,
And griev'd, alas, when it was much too late.
Scarce was he come before the Murth'rous crew,
Romes rav'nous Eagles on his body flew;
Headlong they hal'd him, with unuſual ſpeed,
And in a private corner did the deed.
Nor ſated with the pains he did endure,
They broke his Neck, to make the act ſecure.

Blood-thirſty villains! think you Heav'n doth ſleep,
Or that no guard of Angels it doth keep?
Think you becauſe he let this victim fall
A Martyr, that it would preſerve you all?
No, hood-wink'd ſlaves, of men the very worſt,
Blinded with zeal, and in Religion curſt;
Headlong you range about from ſin to ſin,
And think not of the Soul that's lodg'd within;
That when 'tis dy'd in ſuch a ſea of evil,
Will find no Pope can keep it from the Devil.

The manner of conveying Sir Edmundbury *to* Prim-roſe-Hill.

At Crimes they ſtart not, nor at blood look pale,
Nor grieve when any perſon they aſſail,
If in their direful projects they prevail.

JOB, Chap. 20. v. 27.

The Heavens ſhall reveal your Iniquities, and the earth ſhall riſe up againſt you.

THe deed is done, and the great danger paſt;
They cry,
Had we ten thouſand ſuch as faſt,
We might make ſure of victory.
Now having hal'd him from the diſmal room,
They go to help him to an op'ner Toomb.
Their precepts teach 'em they have done
But half enough;
They muſt declare their miſchiefs to the Sun,
And make their garments whole with other ſtuff.
They think't imprudence to Inter
The bloody Sacrifice;
But at their Conſults they prefer,
Though dead, his name
And ſpotleſs fame,
Shall yet be blaſted by their villanies.
In order ſtreight,
To act the Prodigies of their debate,
The ſacred clay
Of Murther'd *Godfrey* now is on its way.
They various ways the Martyr'd lump convey
By night,
Not daring to approach the day,
For fear its light
Should much too ſoon that bloody preſent give,
Which ſtartled Nature when it did receive.
Safe and unſeen they move
To all on Earth;
But he above,
Who ſnatch'd the holy Martyr's breath,

Pre-

Prepar'd his veng'ance, though not willing then
To ſcourge with ſhame thoſe unrelenting men.
The Vials full, and his great wrath will be,
Though ſlow, a ſure reward for Treachery.
Their charge deliver'd, they again return
As unconcern'd, as if they need not mourn.
Drown'd in full bowls, they waſh the guilt away,
And now again appear in open day.

And do you think Heav'n has forgot the Crime,
Or that he but delaies you for a time?
Has your Religions precepts ſo confin'd
The Soul,
You feel no ſting of Conſcience in the mind?
Or has Confeſſion waſh'd away the guilt,
And Sacrament clear'd you of th'blood you ſpilt?
Has your great Patron, the unerring Pope,
Pronounc'd, you ſhall not ſuffer by the Rope?
T' muſt needs be ſo, he has the fact forgiv'n
On Earth, and promis'd a reward in Heav'n.
But black and diſmal will the Moment be,
When you ſhall launch to vaſt Eternity.
That dire reward our Saviour doth prepare,
In ſpight of holy Unction you muſt bear
In Hell, although you've Hecatombs of Pray'r.

The manner of his being found; his Burial, and the Murtherers Execution.

Although unſeen, and uneſpy'd you range,
One moment turns the Scale, and makes a change.

MATTH. Chap. 25. v. 26.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

AT length they are
To their great journies end
Arriv'd,
Where without fear,
As if each *Roman* striv'd
Which 'twas should merit most, most ill appear,
Into a Ditch they fling the Nations freind;
Where Tyrant-like,
Because the World should think himself did strike
The fatal stróak,
His own good Sword is through his body thrust:
Good I may call it, since it prov'd so just,
Not only to revoke
That dismal sentence they had on him thrown,
That discontent,
That way he bent,
And perpetrated there that guilt alone.
But watchful Heav'n unmask'd their dark device,
And quickly melted down their walls of Ice:
'Twas plainly seen,
The Executioner black *Rome* had been;
His Neck and Brest,
Nay, all the rest,
Of their revenge was plainly found:
His Sword unbloody'd 's drawn out of the wound,
His shooes unsoyl'd, the very ground
Alone
Unstayn'd,
Are arguments that scandal was their own,
Which they so barb'rously maintain'd.
But 'tis no wonder, for what ere they do
Is strangely cruel, and most bloody too.
Was't not enough they stopt his breath,
But after death Must

Muſt *Godfrey*'s fame,
(That fell for us a bloody Sacrifice)
Have loſt the honour of a Martyrs name,
And doubly taſted, *Rome*, thy cruelties?
No, clear as day,
Your many guiles are to this Nation known;
Nor better can we hope from them that ſay,
To gain a Throne,
'Tis meritorious to kill any one
That are opponents to his mighty hope,
Who is the univerſal King, th'unerring Pope.
Heavy as lead, he and his trech'rous crew
(That would the Race of Monarchy undo)
Shall, when their Souls have left their lumps of clay,
In Winds and Tempeſts be convey'd away.
All in confuſion they ſhall hence be hurl'd,
To feel the Torments of another world.
Whilſt *Godfrey*'s Soul incumbent on the air,
Shall view the Torments you in Hell muſt bear;
In diſtant joys he ſhall his Murth'rers greet,
Who now would crawl to worſhip at his feet:
But after death you no remove can have;
Once damn'd, 'tis more impoſſible to ſave,
Than re-call life when buried in the grave.
But take with ſpeed, take up this Rev'rend duſt,
And lodge it 'mongſt the Sepulchers of th'juſt,
Let ſweet *Hoſanna*'s bring him to the grave,
And *Halleluja*'s bleſs the Good, the Brave,
That did all *England* in his ruine ſave
Had not this Victim, *Rome*, been made by thee,
Thou hadſt perſiſted in thy cruelty,
And at the laſt diſplay'd thy Treachery.
That good from ill thus happily ſhould ſpring!
That *Godfrey*'s death ſhould warn our Royal King!
Thus Murder did the great effect produce,
As good's extracted from a poys'nous juice.
Thou'rt the preſerver of *Great Britains* Throne,
Who to ſave his, did freely give thy own.
Thus life for life thou haſt already giv'n,
And trod the certain path that leads to Heav'n.

Bid-

Bedloe *charged by his Mother to discover*, &c.

The Loyal heart doth good effects produce,
And draws a Cordial from a poys'nous juice.

MATTH. Chap. 27. v. 4.

Saying, I have ſinned, in that I have betrayed the Innocent blood. And they ſaid, What is that to us? look thou to that.

HOw have I err'd in hiding of a deed
Makes Nature ſtart, and all my entrails bleed;
Tortures my heart for winking at the Crimes
Will never be forgot in future times!
Seiz'd with Convulſions, and by Fevers torn,
With Aches wrack'd, and by diſtractions grown
So bad, it makes me wiſh I'd nere been born:
Since to hide Murder is as great a guilt,
As to be bath'd in blood my ſelf had ſpilt.
Thus deſp'rate man conſiders his own ſtate,
And grieves at bloodſhed when it is too late.
In th'midſt of all his phrenſie and his pain,
Heav'n ſhews a Bath to waſh him white again.
Prompted to fly from Juſtice and from death,
He help'd the Nation to prolong its breath.
He quickly left the bloody ſtage behind,
The Tragick place where Murder was deſign'd,
But could not leave the Troubles of his mind.
A guilty Conſcience doth no eaſe admit,
Nor can it meet with ought to pleaſure it.
Nought but Confuſion doth about him move,
And hourly ſtings are ſent it from above.
Cloath'd in diſtraction 't doth about him roul,
And Hell on Earth is lodg'd within his Soul.
Thus, thus Tormented, he at length is come
To's happy end, but happier Mothers home:
Where when the ſtory of his life he told,
And did the bottom of his heart unfold;
Till then his Treaſons ſuch combuſtions made,
To ſtir or peep abroad he was afraid.

Strangely ſurpriz'd th'attentive Mother was,
To find her Son engag'd in ſuch a Cauſe:
Like one unnerv'd, ſhe ſhook in ev'ry part,
And her Eyes ſpoke the Language of her Heart.
The fiery darts unceſſantly ſhe ſhot,
And her Maternal goodneſs quite forgot.
At length recover'd of the dire Tranſport,
She bid him back again unto the Court:
Fall on your knees, lye groveling on the ground,
Offer your life to bath the wrankled wound;
Diſcover all, hide not one grain within,
Leſt it ſhould ſwell into ſome other ſin:
Unmask the dark Contrivers, let 'em be
Diſplay'd, diſcover all their villany;
Let your Confeſſion of ſuch candor taſt,
That Heav'n may pardon you for what is paſt:
To loſe your life to do the Nation good,
Is the beſt way you can beſtow your blood.
Haſte, ere my bleſſings I do ſnatch away,
And plant a Curſe inſtead, if you delay,
Whoſe dire effects will moſt prodigious be.
Ham curſt by *Noah*, liv'd in miſery;
Whilſt th'other two, whom bleſſings he had giv'n
In life and death, enjoy'd perpetual Heav'n.
Beſides, the King, the Monarch you implore,
Like Heav'n, forgives, and you can hope no more:
He crown'd with mercy quickly will forgive,
And you'l for ever in his favour live;
But if relentleſs and obdure you prove,
May Heav'n deny, and ſhut you from their love.
Scarce had ſhe done, but with as ſwift a ſpeed
As he before did perpetrate the deed,
He from her preſence with her bleſſing drew,
And ſwift as thought he to the Palace flew;
Where in an inſtant he his freedom gave
To be a Convert, and expect a grave.
But our all-good and gracious Monarch ſoon
Turn'd his dark night into a glorious noon;
Deſcending full of mercy from his Throne,
He made not Life but Liberty his own.

Re-

Rewarded thus, who would a Traytor be?
Or hide but any ſpark of Treachery?
Treaſon's a dangerous Monſter in a State,
'Tis the dire Off-ſpring of Rebellion hate,
And the black iſſue of unweary'd Fate.
When ſin and death conſpire, vaſt ruine ſprings,
But vaſter ruine when they ſtrike at Kings.
A Monarch is compos'd of Sacred Clay,
And nought but Heav'n ſhould cloſe his glorious day:
His glaſs once run, and all his hours made even,
An Angel's th'Executioner of Heav'n.
Hell may conſpire, and ſend its Agents out;
But being weak to fight, they only ſcout:
Cherubick guards about the King they ſpy,
Which makes 'em ſtill deſpair of victory.
How ere, to pleaſure ſin and hungry death,
They rob the Murd'rers they have made of breath:
Thoſe ſwept away, and all depriv'd of hope,
Satan allows him yet a little ſcope,
Then ſwoops, and teiſes on his Brother Pope.

The Apprehenſion and Impriſonment of ſeveral Conſpirators.

'Tis but an Index yet, for all ſhall ſee
Their juſt reward in their Cataſtrophe.

LAMENTATIONS, Chap. 3. v. 6.

Render unto them a recompence, O Lord, according to the work of their hands.

IS't come to this? now all
Your promis'd glories fade!
As angry winds do make the bloſſoms fall,
And periſh in the lap which Nature made:
So will you wither now your Plot's betray'd.
Whirlwinds and ſtorms ſhall headlong drive
(And each one ſtrive
To ſcatter) the tempeſtuous cry;
Like Chaff o'th' ground,
They'l whirl 'em round:
All glad you did your ſelves undo.
What could you hope, or thought to find,
(In the unruly Concave of your mind)
But ſure deſtruction? nothing good can come
From the pernicious Conſult of black *Rome*;
Whoſe curſed dictates if you not oppoſe,
Shall lead you to its diſmal Palace, Hell, by th'Noſe.
You ſee th'effect
Of the neglect:
Fetters and Chains,
Nay, endleſs pains,
Shall clog you here and after death.
Your only hope
Is, that the Rope
Which gently ſtopt your willing breath,
Shall by the Pope
Be turn'd a holy Relick, and have pow'r
To work a Miracle in half an hour.
And that it would, did the grave Fathers try,
For by a Relick 'tis ſome eaſe to dye.

'Tis ſtrange belief,
Nay, ſtranger yet, to truſt
All our Terreſtrial ſubſtance with a Thief
Makes theft his luſt.
Rome too, like them, rather than live in pain,
Will boggle at no ſin that brings in gain,
Till the reward which follows them as faſt,
Nip all their bloſſoms in the bud at laſt.
* 'Tis for Religion though, not private end, * *Their Precepts.*
I take my Brothers life, or kill my friend,
Defile his Daughter, proſtitute his Wife,
Deceive the Widow, ſow diſſention, ſtrife,
With hourly diſcords fill their days of life.
All's for Religion, and the Churches good
They cry.
Can acts ſo ill, that have their riſe from blood,
Produce the leaſt effects of Piety?
No, *Rome*'s Religion's like *Rome*'s actions, vile;
They Rapine and Murder act, and yet can ſmile.
Knee-deep they wade in Maſſacre and blood;
Crimes they find out, Savages ne're underſtood,
And *Romes* chief Head declares 'em to be good.

* Thus Satan leads the poor decrepit fool, * *A Witch.*
That ſcarcely knows ſhe ever had a Soul;
Fills her craz'd head with various myſtick toys,
And whiſpers to her nought but pleaſing joys;
Deludes her eyes with a Romantick guile,
Allows her pleaſure for a little while;
But her time come, ſhe to a ſtake is hurl'd,
And then he leaves her to forſake the world:
Her Soul's to him link'd with an Iron Chain,
Which he in Hell loads with eternal pain.
So when you run the utmoſt of your race,
The Devil leads you to a vile diſgrace:
All the reward you'l have for loſs of Breath,
The Pope will Canonize you after death.
Thus *Romiſh* Saints like Witches are become,
Old and young fools bred up to Martyrdome.

The

The black Bills, Halters, and heads of Spears for a Maſſacre.

With thoſe ſtrange Engines you've diſcover'd here
The Popiſh Art; but Hell's the Engineer.

ISAIAH, Chap. 3. v. 15.

What mean you that you beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? ſaith the Lord of Hoſts.

ARe theſe
The Engines to diſturb our eaſe?
When will *Rome* ceaſe
From plotting to annoy our Peace?
Briareus-like, no ſooner one is found,
But ſtreight another riſes from the ground.
Halters and Bills
Th'Appartment fills,
With num'rous heaps of heads of ſpears,
Huge maſſie ſteel
We all ſhould feel,
Did Heaven wink when ſhe appears.
Still from the doom
Of bloody *Rome*
He has preſerv'd the Nation free;
Still lent his ayd,
When *Rome* hath ſaid,
England ſhall bend t'Idolatry.
What need we then
Fear the Conſults of bloody men,
When from above
Our God of love
Ruines their Cauſe,
And gives her Agents up unto the Laws?
This fatal ſtore,
Were it much more,
Could not diſmay us in the leaſt;
For being free,
We've liberty
To chace and take the *Romiſh* beaſt.

'Twould

'Twold be a glorious ſight to ſee
All thoſe which own Supremacy,
Lay down their yoak,
And with one ſtroak
Strike off uſurp'd Triplicity.
Religion! fye,
'Tis baſe deceit,
A very Cheat,
If it muſt be maintain'd by Treachery.
Rebellious blood
Can nere be good;
The prop's too weak to make Religion ſure:
A well-got Throne
Admits of none,
Yet doth from age to age indure.

Didſt thou, O *Rome*, a Maſſacre intend?
Were we then grown ſo weak not to defend?
Didſt thou the fatal Magazine produce,
And has thy * Brother taught thee then the uſe? * *The Devil.*
Or are thy Coffers empty then at home,
That o're our bloods our wealth may ſayl to *Rome*?
A ſtranger phrenſie never ſeiz'd on man,
To think this Iſland lay within thy ſpan.
He that from harm has ſav'd us to this hour,
Will ſtill protect and keep us from thy pow'r.
Each Pope ſucceſſively does ſtill invade,
Which ſhows Religion is a thriving Trade.
For damning Souls you all the glory have;
But true Religion is to teach and ſave,
And then your ſplendor's vaniſh'd in the grave.
The reaſon's plain, why ſtill you run on evil;
Moſt Popes have had one Tutor, that's the De----

Lang-

Langhorn *in* Newgate.

Scourge his rebellious outside here on earth,
Forgive all sins committed since his birth,
With holy water wash his crimes away,
For upon earth he has not long to stay.

ISAIAH, Chap. 1. v. 15.

And when ye ſpread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when you make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood.

HOw vile and loathſome is thy fatal place,
This gaping womb, this Chamber of Diſgrace!
Look on the diſmal comforts of this Cave,
And then compare 'em to a loathſome grave;
Then view thy ſear'd and blacker Soul within,
And then if poſſible repent thy ſin:
Think on the tender mercies of thy King,
And let his goodneſs ſome Confeſſion bring;
Think on the Nation, and thy native ſeat,
And there (although condemn'd) do ſomething great.
Let not thy loaden Soul oppreſt with care,
Sink, nor its burthen load thee to deſpair.
Nor let the ſmooth deluſive Jeſuits tale
(That flatters till h'as hang'd thee) yet prevail.
Think he but preaches to ſecure his own,
Leſt thou diſcov'ring, he might too be known.
Be not ſo blind to think you ever can
Have (when condemn'd by God as well as man)
Equivocating Reſervations there,
That ſtaff of your Religion more then pray'r.
There's no defending, all's too plainly known,
And your black crime before the Bar is thrown;
No, rather purge thy Soul, and let it be
Made light, to ſoar up to Eternity.
It will not move; he is obdurate ſtill,
And turns his Reaſon off, to ſerve his Will.
He mask'd in zeal, the beaten path doth move,
In acting Crimes to merit Heav'n above.
H'as been a Rebel to his God and King,
Which will without diſpute Salvation bring! Heav'n

Heav'n muſt be throng'd if all they ſay be good,
Incorrigible Thieves that deal in Blood,
Proſtitutes, Cheats, with perjur'd Prieſts, and Monks,
(If by their Crimes they have but cram'd their Trunks)
Traytors, Blaſphemers, and a ſordid rout
That Hell (had they not Souls) would vomit out.
If they've acquir'd but Gold, and that Gold giv'n
His Holineſs, he'll ſend their Souls to Heav'n.
But this hard-hearted and obdurate man
Will merit more, if poſſibly he can.
He's doing Penance, beſides Abſtinence,
And wheals his ſhoulders for his hearts offence.
Theſe ſtripes muſt do it: 'faith 'tis very civil,
To be thus diſciplin'd for doing evil.
Hard-hearted Prieſt, you'd diſcipline, I ſee,
Were he juſt lanching to Eternity.
He has not long before the fatal day,
When Juſtice is to ſnatch his life away;
Then hiſſing Snakes that 'mongſt the Fairies roul,
Shall watch to ſeize on thy Immortal Soul.

Since diſobeying Heav'n's a heinous crime,
How can we hope, that ſin from time to time,
Run on egregiouſly, and turn not back,
But mend our pace when we ſhould go more ſlack?
Though Blood, nor Sacriledge, nor Perjury,
Nor Rape, nor Theft, nor horrid Blaſphemy,
Are in the ſcroul, the Table of our deeds,
Yet without true contrition none ſucceeds;
What can you hope, or your pretences be,
That daily waded into Treachery?
Not a known crime, nor individual ſin,
But hourly waits to have an entrance in.
Incorrigibly to the fact you run,
And triumph in the miſchief you have done;
With hardned hearts moſt impiouſly you come
T'accept a Popiſh Crown of Martyrdome.

Pickering

Pickering *and* Grove *attempting to ſhoot the King in* St. James's *Park.*

Now guard him Heaven from approaching fate,
And cruſh the *Romiſh* Plot to ſpoil the State.

JOB, Chap. 24. v. 5.

Behold, as wild Aſſes in the deſart go they forth to their work, riſing betimes for a prey.

ROme's under-Agents knowing that the King
Did ſometimes walk to paſs an hour away,
Crept like two Serpents into th'Park to ſting,
And at one ſtroak t'eclipſe a glorious ray.
In Ambuſcade
They cloſely laid,
Reſolv'd the deed to perpetrate;
With bloody will,
Intent to kill,
They lurk'd to give the King his fate.
Now to his long'd-for Recreations he
Is moving on
In th'ſweet felicity
Of th'evening ſun,
To view the ſportful Fawn, the nimble Hind
Trips o're the tender graſs, as ſwift as wind,
And leaves no track of any ſteps behind.
The feather'd Gueſts their thankfulneſs afford,
And in their various Notes proclaim him Lord,
Flutt'ring in ayr, ſome hover in his ſight,
And treat him ſtill with different delight.
The murm'ring Winds do from the Thickets yield
Balſamick Odors, which ſurround the field:
But they more guilty than th'unerring reſt,
Hide both the Traytors in their leavie breſt.
Lull'd in the boſome of the Thicket, they
Wait that his ſteps might Royalty betray.
Still he walks on,
And nothing fears;
Nothing of harm as yet appears,
Nor ought that's like deſtruction.

All his great dangers no diſtraction bring,
But he does ſtill ſupport 'em as a King.
The ambuſh too,
Who would undo
A Nation, if they might its Crown ſubdue,
Full of deſire,
Ready to fire,
Are daſh'd, and ſtreight with ſhame retire.
The faithful Flint more ſenſible than they,
Unnerv'd, and did in honour diſobey.
Looſe in the frame it ſhook beneath its truſt,
And nip'd the blooming hopes of bloody luſt:
Like hardned Criminals away they move,
Not thinking they were ſeen by Heav'n above.
With rage made wild,
They were beguil'd,
And could not then perform their will.
They vow before
They'l give it ore,
They'l forge a thouſand ways to kill:
Poyſon or Steel
He ſtill muſt feel,
Or any thing that ſureſt wounds;
The ways we'll chooſe,
We'll not refuſe
To give a hundred thouſand pounds.
Thus they run on in their pernicious ways,
All to make ſhort the beſt of Princes days.
But one more blind,
And ſear'd in mind,
Still thought Damnation muſt inſue,
Becauſe he loſt
With care and coſt
That Minute Fate allow'd by you.
To purge the heynous crime
Committed by the zealous fool that time,
He ſends for Prieſt, a Devil, and a Rope,
Who both combine
To Diſcipline,
Becauſe he diſoblig'd the Pope.

Kind

Kind Heav'n! this is a Miracle indeed,
To ſave a life which ſhould that moment bleed,
If they had acted what black *Rome* decreed.
But thou art good, and infinitely juſt,
And none are loſt that on thy mercies truſt;
Though many Princes of the earth do drink
The *Romiſh* Cup, and to her boſome ſhrink:
Though moſt do bend unto the fatal See,
And Slave-like, give the Beaſt Supremacy;
Thou like a King art kept by Heav'n alone,
An unſlav'd Monarch on a Royal Throne;
Thou all enjoy'ſt, all the great gifts above,
Whilſt they like Vaſſals in ſubjection move,
And ſhrink to Chaos, dying without hope
Of future bliſs, not pard'ned by the Pope.

Sir George Wakemans *Tryal*,

Judges ſhould fan the Cauſe, not caſt the Wheat
Away, and ſave th'unworthy Chaff for meat.

DEUTERONOMY, Chap. 16. v. 19.

Thou ſhalt not wreſt judgment, thou ſhalt not reſpect perſons, neither take a gift: for a gift doth bind the eyes of the wiſe, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

WHen the grave Fathers of the Land are met,
both Life and Death before their eyes are ſet,
Evil and Good, the two great things God gave,
Or Death or Life, Salvation, or a Grave.
But the firſt Man not thinking of the Crime,
Made choice o'th' wrong, and curſt the world that time.
God gave Free-will to chooſe, or to neglect,
To taſt the dang'rous Food, or to reject;
But for a kiſs, or ſome ſuch loving toy,
He loſt his Bliſs, and all the world its joy,
And brib'd to ſin, did all Mankind deſtroy.
In our firſt Parent we may all behold,
Her bribe was as effectual then as gold.
Forwarn'd by them, they ſhun the dang'rous ſnare,
And let true Juſtice be their utmoſt care.
The Cauſe is great that to their truſt is giv'n,
Or Life or Death, or Hell, or glorious Heav'n.
To th'laſt great day it moſt reſemblance has,
And he's moſt happy has the juſteſt Cauſe,
And has done beſt that is within the Laws.
How in confuſion are your Senſes hurl'd,
(That huddle of light ſtuff that plagues the world)
When after death all ſhall be ſummon'd there,
Before the great Tribunal to appear,
When 'fore our faces all our Crimes till death,
All the great ſins we acted on the Earth,
Shall in black forms like ugly Monſters roul,
And all to teſtifie againſt the Soul!

Then with what Tremblings ſhall they be poſſeſt,
Who hear they never ſhall partake of reſt;
Never ſhall joy nor any bleſſings taſt,
But ſcorching pangs for pleaſure gone and paſt!
When they ſhall hear that laſt and fatal word,
(Breath'd out with fury from an angry Lord,)
Be gone ye wicked to perpetual pain,
Where you for ever ſhall in flames remain!
But you the bleſſed few, that did repent,
Or did the buſineſs you on earth were ſent;
You that in all the little ſpace of breath
Abhorr'd Idolatry, and watch'd for death,
Dealt not in Murder, or allow'd the leaſt
Of ear or thought to th'*Babylonean* beaſt;
That never did contrive to propagate,
Or hold Religion up with Blood and hate,
Nor ere Conſpir'd againſt that Sacred thing
I made, and had Anointed for a King;
You're the bleſt partners of eternal bliſs,
But they Companions to hells lowdeſt hiſs.
On earth the Cheat forgiving is unknown,
But here 'tis verifi'd to ev'ry one.
Thoſe num'rous crowds that were on earth forgiv'n,
Have bought Damnation for their Gold, not Heav'n.

Why doſt thou, *Rome*, ſo much confuſion bring,
Or doſt ſo often level at the King?
Why with your diſmal Plots which ſtill retort,
Are you ſo rude thus to ſurround his Court?
Have y'any hope ever to win the field,
Or think you his firm breſt will ever yield?
Work on, dull Mole; 'gainſt ev'ry Plot of thine,
We've a new Engineer to Countermine;
All your out-works we have already blown
Into the ayr, or with more ſtrength o'rethrown:
Then draw with haſt the ſcatt'red Legions back,
And ſave the Rebel-Crew from farther wrack;
So many Pillars of the Churches good
Are and muſt down,----
'Twill make a drought in *Rome* of Chriſtians blood.

Kille-

Killegrews *Man ſtab'd at* Windſor.

'Twas a miſtake, and happy for the Nation,
The Conſecrated Dagger was in paſhion;
For 'twas ſo zealous to promote the thing,
It ſtruck but a *Plebeian*, not a King.

EXODUS, Chap. 21. v. 14.

But if a man come preſumptuouſly upon his Neighbour to ſlay him with guile, thou ſhalt take him from my Altar that he may dye.

ILL was it meant, but well it did ſucceed:
Better thou happy man
To dye,
Then all the Nation bleed.
Thy life was but a ſpan,
And this one ſtroak
Broak the frail yoak,
And ſent thee to Eternity.
Conſider where ſoere thou art,
Though dead,
Alive thy heart
Defended with its blood the Nations head:
'Twas you receiv'd the bloody Scorpions ſting,
Which was intended for a King.
Hadſt thou not been
The Touchſtone to declare their ſin,
The next dire ſtroak, if Hell had the command,
Might elſe have cut the heart-ſtrings of the Land.
Thy ſlumbring mind,
No whit confin'd,
Roam'd with thy Soul the world about,
Till the Thief came,
Who watch'd his game,
And ſhut the rambling Tenants out.
As ſwift as thought,
They ſoon were brought
Back to the ſtructure they ſo late had left,
Where to their grief,
They ſaw the Thief
Had the whole Microcoſm of life bereft.

Con-

Confus'd and wild
To be ſo overcome, ſo much beguil'd,
They ſhot away
In the bright glitt'ring ſtreaks of day,
To an abode
More bright and nearer to a God.
Rome not content
With this,
More villains ſent,
With an intent
Fully to compleat her Bliſs:
But all their hope
Was vain;
Who can a War maintain,
'Gainſt thoſe whom Heav'n doth preordain?
'Tis not the Pope,
Nor all the Holy Tribe can give a wound
To him that Angels do incircle round.
Folded in Miſts or various Crimes they run,
But leave the buſineſs of their Souls undone.

St. *Peters* Vicar! no, the Devil's rather,
Who is and ever was your only Father.
Heav'n vex'd at earth, let looſe th'infernal chain,
And gave him leave to range about again.
So full of ſin th'infected world was grown,
It look'd not like the Figure of his own.
Satan's let looſe to plague the race of Man,
And to deſtroy as many as he can:
All the infernal crowd concluded on,
Was to erect a ſham-Religion.
In the Abyſs the ſecret Plot is layd,
And Satan on nights wings to earth's convey'd;
Where without ſtay he pitches upon *Rome*,
And rumours it about a Saint is come.
The ſilly crowd believ'd his reaſons ſoon,
And 'gan to groap about an early noon:

Suck'd

Suck'd down the Dictates he did there diſtil,
Prov'd Whoredome lawful, requiſite to kill:
Made it ſo eaſie, it did ſoon entice:
All flock'd to a Religion allow'd Vice.
Some formal ſhow and Idoliſm they had,
Which made the Rabble with their joy run mad;
But a Supream they want to make the ſcope,
And then the Mobile pitch'd on a Pope.
Things thus ſucceeding, and thus order'd well,
Satan leaves *Rome*, and ſlinks away to Hell.

The Attempting of the King in his Sedan.

Can in no place Majeſtick Man go free,
But he muſt ſtill be dogg'd by villany?
But though approach'd, and he drawn near the ſting,
They ſtagger at the glories of the King.

MATTH. 23. v. 14.

Wo unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites; for ye devour widows houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

IS this the way,
O *Rome!*
Thou doſt aſſay,
And hop'ſt to overcome?
Are you not yet convinc'd the Cauſe
Is far from good;
So far,
The very laws
Of God and Man declare 'gainſt Humane blood;
Much more to dabble in th' Imperial flood.
If you do ſtill
Run on in ill,
And take a pride in hopes to kill;
All will deſerters be,
And leave thy See,
'Cauſe you promote ſuch cruelty.
But why do I
Expoſtulate,
Or talk to the * moſt ſtubborn of Mankind? * *Pope.*
For he muſt dye,
And taſt accordingly the fate,
Which in Eternity
Such Souls do find.
How ere on earth
Whilſt he draws breath,
I would have this great man foreſee,
He ſwims againſt the ſtream in Treachery.
Look from your ſeat,
* Religious Cheat, * *The Pope.*
And view what Conſternations hem around
The very ſlave that was to give the wound: 'Twas

'Twas fear, you cry,
And want of *Romiſh* Piety;
But I declare,
'Twas Heav'ns great care.
Struck with aſtoniſhment the Murth'rers hand,
Strangely unnerv'd as he were thunder ſtruck,
Or fearing death for what he undertook,
Nor life nor death was in the ſlaves command.
It was not fear,
When drawn ſo near,
Nor ought but an impulſe of Heav'n,
That ſecretly did to his boſome glide,
And check'd th'unruly riſing Tide;
Which elſe-----
Had to an univerſal Shipwrack driv'n.
Heav'n does fore-ſee
Ills meant by thee,
And gives thee ſtill a little ſcope;
But once arriv'd, and juſt to period come,
He paſhes all the wiles contriv'd in *Rome*,
And nips 'em in the Bud of hope.
But you unweary'd ſtill
Contrive to kill,
Though all your Machinations fail;
As who ſhould ſay,
In ſpight
Of Heav'n I will with Murther play,
Till all be Chaos, and eternal night.
Thus hardned *Pharaoh* did obdure remain,
Till he and all his hoſt at once were ſlain.
Nor threats, nor prayers, nor any thing that's civil,
Can mollify the heart of ſo much evil:
Hard as an Adamant, and nerv'd with ſteel,
Fiber'd with flint that can no ſoftneſs feel,
Is all the Maſs, nay, th'Compoſition heart
Is as much Rock as any other part.
What hopes t'allay its fury then remains,
But that by force we break the Iron chain?
'Tis force muſt do it, force muſt Crown the end,
And the whole buſineſs doth on that depend,
To chaſe an open foe, and bloody friend.

Reading *taking off Mr.* Bedloes *Evidence.*

New Plots require new Meaſures, theſe new Men,
Who move in hopes to heave it up again;
And though more ſilently they ſtill deſign,
We've yet an Engineer to find the Mine.

JOB, Chap. 15. v. 5.

For thy mouth uttereth thine Iniquity, and thou chooſeſt the tongue of the crafty.

WHat ſhrub is this that *Rome* hath ſent
To undermine the Government?
A lump of Aches, Cramps, and Gout,
A thing ſo ram'd
And doubly cram'd
With ill,
Death will not find him out,
Nor cares to kill.
A kisk juſt fitted up for boys,
A thing that only makes a noiſe
To pleaſe the Babe, who thinks its force deſtroys.
He's ſo unworthy of the name of man,
'Twould to the Race
Bring ſuch diſgrace,
All will deny themſelves that can.
Has *Rome* which kept this pudder, has *Romes* Father
Sent us an empty bladder, bubble rather,
Compos'd of Soap and water forc'd to fly,
And ſtrives to reach the Region of the sky?
But the firſt guſt it meets
I'th' firſt carreer,
The empty nothing greets,
And ſends it here,
Where to its being nothing it retires,
And glorious nothing, nothing much admires.
Such is the paultry thing that *Rome*
So lately ſent,
To circumvent
And keep her Miniſters from doom.
This is that picture drawn on each mans dore,
That hopes the Conqueſt of th'inſulting Whore.

Was it for this the noble Law he read,
To be a Traytor on his dying bed?
As an old thief that lately loſt his Eyes,
And was inform'd of a moſt glorious prize,
Will venter, though he to the theft is led;
So this grave Lawer's brought with ſmall ado,
To groap the buſineſs out for th'holy crew.
A thing ſo wan,
A purblind-man
At a high noon might gaze him through.
He's in a word a ſhadow on a clout,
And only fit for boys to kick about.
But mark th'effect, this aged zealous fool
Is caught, and ſent amongſt the reſt to School;
He's ſtricter guarded than the fatned rout,
For fear the crawling Inſect ſhould get out:
At length this thing 's to be in publick ſhown,
But moves in imitation of a droan;
But now he's come
To ſuffer, yet not reach at Martyrdome.
The Executioner 'tis thought
Knew for what buſineſs he was thither brought,
Knew the Law reach'd not at the villains life,
And therefore was within himſelf at ſtrife,
Whether or no he durſt put in his head,
He look'd already ſo like one half dead.
His fear perſwaded him he ſoon ſhould find;
The body drop, and leave the head behind.
Theſe things conſider'd, he moſt gently bow'd,
And made the Ape a ſcandal to the crowd.

Inceſſant ſtill? can nothing curb the mind,
Or is it totally on blood deſign'd?
What various ways and crooked paths you chooſe
To ſin, and labour 'cauſe you fain would looſe.
So often foyl'd, and yet the ſtubborn will
Is rather apter to take hold on ill.

If ill examples do to Vices lead,
And thoſe once follow'd find a ſpurious head,
A diabolick Patron to the crowd,
Of heynous ſins that are by him allow'd,
How can thoſe Graduates in Rebellion be
But branded with the name of infamy;
When their great Patron in the end they'l find
Is an Apoſtate to betray Mankind!

A Dialogue between the Pope, a Devil, and a Jesuite.

In this one Emblem you may plainly see,
What 'tis that makes the Popes Triplicity:
A grave old Fool, and Jesuite all Evil,
Supports the Papal Crown, with Brother Devil.

HABAKKUK, Chap. 2. v. 12.

Woe unto him that buildeth a Town with blood, and eſtabliſheth a City by Iniquity.

Pop. HArd fate again! curſe on your idle toys,
Your Plots that are not fit to frighten boys.
I thought, aſſiſted by your grave advice;
To choak Religion up, and bring in vice;
When to the ſhame of haughty *Rome* and me,
They ſtill do trample on Supremacy.
Jeſ. 'Tis true, the laſt Plot fayl'd, and well it might,
I knew the dire event before the fight
Your eaſie Holineſs your charge betray'd,
In calling puny Devils to your ayd.
From crowds of Souls that you with eaſe have dam'd,
You by the ſcum of Hell are meerly ſham'd;
By an unthinking Devil chous'd ſo plain,
'Twonld move my wonder ſhould you Plot again.
Dev. How * Puny Devil, and the ſcum of Hell! * *Angry.*
Was it for this we mighty Cherubs fell?
Was it for this I planted you in *Rome*,
And gave into your hands the pow'r to doom?
Summon'd our Chiefs, who did in Council ſit,
To gnild the name of Fiend with Jeſuite?
Did ſoon pervert the minds of men again,
Until I made you up a num'rous Trayn?
Found you out Friends of vaſt Eſtates at laſt,
Whom to gain popular eſteem, as faſt
As you, would ſet upon the bloody caſt?
Jeſ. All this you did, 'tis true, but to what end,
I but your Conduct blame, your Plot commend.
To thoſe tall Trees they all for ſafety fled,
But now the Axe is levell'd at the Head.
Supine and tame the *Machevillians* ſit,
And in * Confinement curſe you cauſe of it. * *Tower*
Dev.

Dev. How can I be of ſo much ill the chief,
That have wrought Miracles beyond belief ?
Did I not harden *Coleman*'s heart till death,
And fed him ſtill with hopes, to loſe his breath ;
Promis'd a Pardon ev'n that very day
That Juſtice came to ſnatch his life away ?
Did he recant, or yet confeſs the Crime ?

Pop. 'Tis true, he dy'd as did become the time
And his Religion ; for what need he more,
For all his ſins I'de pardon'd him before.

Dev. In ſpight of that, now at this very hour,
I have his Soul. *(Pop.* and *Jeſ.)* How ſo ! *(Dev.)* 'Cauſe when
'twas in his pow'r,
He did not kill the unſuſpecting King,
* Religions Foe, and *Romes* Immortal ſting. **Rom. Religion.*

Pop. But what's all this to th'buſineſs now in hand ?
Can * he, or † you that Monarchs life command ? * *Devil,*
Your boaſted Plots have all ſucceſleſs prov'd, † *Jeſuit.*
And through our weakneſs he's more fear'd and lov'd.
Beſides, thoſe hopeful * Engines of our State, } * *The Prieſts*
That did ſo lately yield t'untimely fate, } *and Jeſuits*
Or fled to ſhun a univerſal hate, } *Executed or*
Has ſo impair'd the cauſe, and daſh'd our hope, *fled.*
The world begins to grumble at a Pope.

Dev. Heav'n has been ſhut up long, or wink'd, that we
At length might yet obtain the Sov'raignty.
Make but Propoſals ſuch as may avail,
And then Condemn me if I not prevail.

Jeſ. How Sir ! Propoſals ? 'tis I think enough *Angry.*
You have the Riffraff of the erring ſtuff ;
The chance by Souls that ſlink to Hell for fear
They ſhould on earth in Martyrdome appear.
Would you propoſe reward for villany ?
By your leave, Satan, that belongs to me.
You but project and only frame the fact,
Which we th'undaunted Tribe of Jeſuits act.
To poyſon Kings, or Murther Monarchs, you
Know is not in the pow'r of Hell to do.

Then

Then he dares act what you can but command,
Ought to pass all the Profits through his hand,
And dole 'em with discretion to the rout,
But pay himself before he gives 'em out.
* Nor Pope nor Devil! *Pop.* How, blasphemous Elf, * *Both in rage.*
Dost thou not know thou speaking dam'st thy self?
Doth not my blood which hourly either drains
Feed * his luxurious Soul, and swell † the veins? * *Jes.* †*Dev.*
Has not those num'rous swarms of blinded Souls
I send,----all cram'd and fatned up like fowls?
'Tis true, * you Plot, and † you, Sir, execute, * *Dev.* † *Jes.*
But it is I that terminate the suit.
Therefore, upon my self, my self I cast,
I deserve most, that propagate more fast
Than he, whom to please both is dam'd at last.
Jes. You are our Father, and our earthly good,
And, Sir, to you I'le Sacrifice my blood.
Let your great judgment then the cause decide,
And open justice bend to either side.
Dev. Who not excepts the first of your Creation,
Shall loose th'Eternal pleasure of Damnation:
Pop. Then't shall be thus: as I am head, I take
Before they suffer for Religions sake,
All their late purchas'd and long hoarded Ore;
Pay me but that, and I'le exact no more.
Dev. It shall be yours, and when the blow is giv'n,
I'le keep the Hereticks from entring Heav'n;
Allow no Pardons to the wicked crew,
And it is all I ask for what I do.
Jes. Their Confiscated Lands bestow on me,
And I'le promote a speedy Massacre.
Pop. Dev. With full consent we both of us agree.
Jes. Then thus I'l bind the Popes Supremacy. *Embracing.*

Lady

The Lady Powis *chiding Mr.* Dangerfield.

No Rage like Womans unrelenting Will,
When she doth lust for Blood and cannot kill.

PROV. Chap. 1. v. 22.

How long ye ſimple ones will ye love ſimplicity, and the ſcorners delight in their ſcornings, and fools hate knowledge.

STrange is the nature of the *Romiſh* beaſt,
That without blood cannot enjoy true reſt.
But ſtranger far
Of thoſe which follow her to open War.
How in confuſion do they daily roul!
What various Troubles do invade the Soul!
No minutes eaſe;
Nor ought to pleaſe,
Can in their hearts poſſeſſion find;
Unruly Throbs,
With ſighs and ſobs,
Do minutely aſſault the mind.
As winds confin'd
Within the bowels of the earth,
Rumble about till it a paſſage find,
And in convulſions force a dang'rous birth;
But when broak through,
With leſs ado,
It rangeth ore the world at will;
To whirlwinds bore,
It ruines more
Than Earthquakes, and doth ſwifter kill.
But the ſtorm paſt,
How mild at laſt,
And how ſerene the Clowds appear;
As if their rage
Had been t'aſſwage
The many troubles we have here.
But the paſt ſtorm doth point at other things,

Sub-

Subjects must bleed,
And fall with speed,
Because it could not reach at Kings.
Now in a diff'rent passion * she doth move, * *Lady Powis.*
She preacheth profit first, then gifts and love:
Sooths * him by all the pleasing charms of life; * *Mr. Dang.*
Blows up the fire,
And doth admire,
As much as can become anothers Wife:
Reads the vile Dictates ore
Of th'*Romish* Whore,
And wheedles him not to believe it sin,
Since what is done
By th' Churches Son,
Is a sure way bright Heav'n to win.
He is convinc'd, and Blood is his intent,
Murther's his aim, on Murther he is bent;
* The good old man * *Lord Shaftsbury.*
Suspecting not the Thief,
Thought not his span
Of life could ere be shortned by belief:
But had not Heav'n the thread in safety put,
The moment * he came in it had been cut. Mr. *Dangerfield.*
But Heav'n instead
Of one came arm'd to strike him dead,
Wip'd off that shape of Fiend which *Rome* had giv'n,
And made his heart an Essence sent from Heav'n.
So th' hungry Wolf that came resolv'd to kill,
Return'd a Lamb, and trembled at the ill.
Could they mould hearts as they have fram'd the mind,
Or could they act those ills they have design'd;
Could they strike all whom they decree for fate,
A day would a whole Town depopulate.
Did they range on, not contradiction meet,
Cursings not Blessings should th'adverse party greet.
'Tis true, they strive with an unbounded will,
And 'tis *Romes* Birthright to destroy and kill.
Still daily Plots they hatch, lay hourly snares,
To trap the guiltless Souls at unawares.
Like envious men they dig a pit for all,
Into the which themselves untimely fall.

Mr.

Mr. Dangerfield *discovering more of the Plot to my Lord Mayor.*

They round the Labyrinth with a Clue are led,
But loose their way in loosing of the Thred.

JOB, Chap. 5. v. 13.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and the Counsel of the froward is carried headlong?

NOw *Rome* you may
Give ore the day,
And cease to fight against such odds;
But better fly
With Infamy
Before the Champion of the Gods.
Your Leaders lost, and your great men made prize,
Makes an addition to our Victories:
Behold how all,
Conscious of your black Crimes, do from you fall.
Those which remain,
With fear are slain,
Or else in dark Recesses move,
Like those of Hell
That Rebels fell,
And dare not look to'rds joys above.
Rob'd of the pleasure of our blest abode,
They shrink like Satan at the Name of God.
Such black and monstrous forms their Crimes do wear,
They dare not own the * Titles they should bear. * Their
Like Thieves asham'd of their ill-gotten prize, Order.
They quite disown they ere did Idolize.
But man howere
Obdure,
Must something fear,
When out of hopes of care
Though by Enchantment he's so senceless made,
To have the outward part of man betray'd.
Yet sure to reconcile th'Immortal Soul,
You should unbosome all, though nere so foul.
Perhaps 'tis rare
To court despair,
And by a Pope to be thus sham'd;

As

As if the Bliſs
In Hell were this,
And endleſs pleaſure to be damn'd.
Thus led by th'noſe your ſelves you do betray,
And put your Candle out to groap i'th'day.
Had you not better be
A happy Proſelyte,
Than ſerve an Enemy
That leads you to Eternal night?
To be a Convert where the Cauſe is evil,
Is th'onely way you have to plague the Devil.
Conſult in time,
And ſhun the Crime,
Shun the deluſive Charms of *Rome*:
Be not confin'd,
Nor with a fatal willingneſs be blind;
But leave that unrelenting Churches doom:
Ceaſe to be Bats,
Half Owls, half Cats,
And in the Galaxy for ever move:
A Bird of day,
That ſcorns to prey
On any thing, but feaſts in love.
Take then the proffer'd Grace, and ceaſe to be
To Heaven and Earth an Enemy.
Snatch at the Mercies offer'd by a Crown,
Before the fatal draught doth ſink you down.
Vaſt are the bleſſings of a tender King,
When Life and Death before his Eyes you bring.
Though Death doth turn the beam, and ſink the ſcale,
His Mercies ſtill above their Crimes prevail.
This makes the unrelenting *Romans* be
Undaunted, and run on in Treachery.
The Sythes of Time can never Mow them down,
But ſtill the bloody Earth-born brethren riſe,
And juſtle like th'Apoſtates for a Crown,
Who met inſtead ten thouſand miſeries.
The way t'expel this Vip'rous bloody Race,
Is to grub up the Roots which ſprout ſo faſt,
And caſt 'em from you to perpetual fire,
Where as unworthy they may all Expire.

The

The Exercise of the Compartments.

The Execution of the Conſpirators.

This is the Centre, where the Traytors come
To meet a ſhameful Death, call'd Martyrdome.

JOB, Chap. 20. v. 27.

The Heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him.

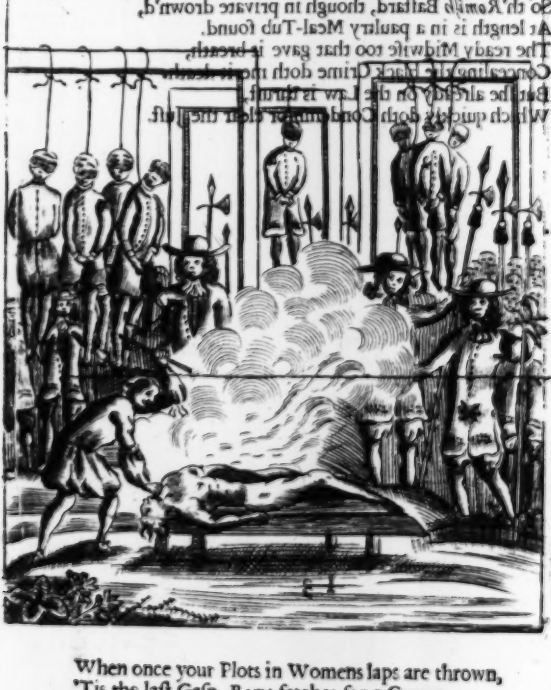
WIth curious eye and ever-searching care,
The prudent, † Magistrate seeks every where, † Sir *W.W.*
Big with some Embryo that may much disgrace
The Cause,
Without a pause,
Moves like a longing woman to the * place, * *Celier*'s house.
Where † Mother Midnight, who had closely laid † *Mrs. Celier.*
The spurious Issue of the * *Romish* Jade, * *Writings of the*
In a by-corner of the house, for fear, *Sham-Plot.*
The Brat should be discover'd cost so dear,
Lull'd into safety, thought she should deceive
The piercing eye
Of the all-high,
And man (his Deputy) of sense bereave?
But Treason and Murder dear,
An equal share
Of guilt,
Since one already has,
And th'other Plots for blood that should be spilt,
To raise the Cause,
How can the Traytor or the Murth'rous be,
End his dire life without discovery?
But Womans will,
That ere was ill,
Fram'd in Creation for a Plague to man,
Promis'd much more
Than all before,
And will perform it if she can.
Their first Plot thrunk,
This *Romish* Punk.
This Midnight Bawd to Teeming *Rome*,

Groaps out a way,
To give new-day
To Popery, and fix Religious doom,
Their Mens Plots fail,
She doth aſſail,
A Sham on that way to prevail.
On our Religion ſhe'd the odium caſt;
So makes us guilty of their Crimes at laſt.
But when moſt near
To take,
Nay, when't had reach'd our Monarchs ear,
Heav'n put a period to it for his ſake,
Unbound the charms
The Sorc'reſs made,
And broke thoſe Arms
Which ſhou'd Religious peace invade:
Diſplay'd their Vice,
Nay did entice
Their Agent too,
Who ſoon declar'd what he had ſworn to do;
Threw off the rubbiſh from their ſecret Mine,
And ſhew'd us in a minute their deſign.
The Mole thus found
That heav'd the ground,
And rais'd Commotions in a quiet field,
Tells us yet more
O'th'Romiſh Whore,
And teacheth us to make her yeild.

As the baſe ſpurious Iſſue of ſome Drab,
That ſhame had forc'd to ſtrangle or to ſtab,
Is in ſome cloſe and private corner thruſt,
And all to hide the product of her luſt:
She with the face of Impudence doth come,
As if ſhe never had abſented home.
Hardned in ſin, ſhe doth once more invade
Mankind, and paſſeth for a Maid.

But

But the laſt partner of her luſt and ſhame,
Againſt her boaſted title doth declaim,
Declares the ſubſtance of their Midnight facts,
And now in publick mentions all their acts.
The boaſted Maid is to a Juſtice driv'n;
But ſhe denies the thing, and calls on Heav'n.
I'th' place ſuſpected narrowly they pry,
Where ſoon is found Murder and Infamy.
So th'*Romiſh* Baſtard, though in private drown'd,
At length is in a paultry Meal-Tub found.
The ready Midwife too that gave it breath,
Concealing the black Crime doth merit death.
But ſhe already on the Law is thruſt,
Which quickly doth Condemn, or clear the Juſt.



When once your Plots in Womens laps are thrown,
'Tis the laſt Gaſp *Rome* fetches for a Crown.

EZEK. Chap. 8. v. 18.

Therefore will I alſo deal in my fury, my eyes ſhall not ſpare, neither will I have pity; and though they cry in my ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them.

THere was a day when from the holy See,
A grand Commiſſion ſign'd for villany,
Was ſent to *Britain*: at the ſtrange debate,
Were all the Cheats of *Rome*, to nominate
Able Conſpirators to drive on the Trade,
Whilſt he another prompted to invade.
Not doubting the effects, they onwards ſteer,
And find, or ſend a Crowd of Traytors here.
After the ſcourge of Heav'n, the Plague, had ſwept
The City clean, the Vipers hither crept;
Got Salamander-like ſo near the Crown,
They quickly burnt its Royal City down:
With this great Miſchief they not yet content,
Promote a way to alter Government;
Brought Slaves to Plot againſt the Sov'raignty,
That the dull fools might rule by Anarchy.
But the Egg's found the Cockatrice had laid,
And all the Plot's unravel'd and betraid.
The miſled Traytors to their Deaths are hurl'd,
Poor, eaſie Fools, and popp'd out of the world.
This device blaſted, *Rome* a while lay ſtill,
Thought 'twas not ſafe as yet to treat us ill.
But the huge Clamour and the Hubbub done,
She falls again into Projection;
Concludes to lay our Suburbs waſte by Fire,
That they in flames, like *London*, might expire.
And 'twas not long after the train was laid,
But *Southwark* to their fury was betraid.

St. *Ka-*

St. *Kath'rines, Wapping*, many places more
Were viſited with flames, as they before.
Out of theſe ruines *Rome* her Coffers cram'd,
And paid moſt nobly for thoſe Souls it damn'd.
Having demoliſh'd theſe, the Tyrant ſaid,
Now let's begin our Plot againſt the * Head. * *The King.*
'Twas ſoon Debated, and without diſpute,
They as ſoon promis'd they would Execute.
The Dagger's Conſecrate, the Hand rais'd, ev'n
Ready to ſtrike, and ſend a King to Heav'n.
But the Eternal from his bleſt Abode
Look'd down, with all the Mercies of a God;
Stopping the bloudy hand of greedy Fate,
And daſh'd their Treaſons ere it was too late;
Did in our Monarch's ſtead the Traytors harm,
And with one ſtroak broke all their mighty Charm:
Brought the Conſpirators and Friends of *Rome*
T'eternal Exile, and eternal Doom:
Brought 'em to ſhame in the Cataſtrophe,
As he will all that ſtrike at Monarchy.
Heav'n that reſerv'd this happineſs in ſtore,
Gave us not this, to give us then no more;
Fed us not once with univerſal Joy,
To curſe us ſoon, and quickly to deſtroy:
For bliſs thus giv'n, and ſnatch'd away in haſte,
The Pain is greater for the Pleaſure paſt.
To be Repriev'd, and to prolong our Breath,
Only to plague us by a lingring Death,
Is paſt the burthen of that man to bear,
Who hourly is diſtracted with his fear.
Therefore till Heav'n our Reaſons do direct
To lop thoſe Cedars down it did detect;
With Pannick Fear and ſtrange Convulſions we
Muſt ſtill expect the *Romiſh* Tyranny,
Unleſs well guarded by Divinity.

FINIS.